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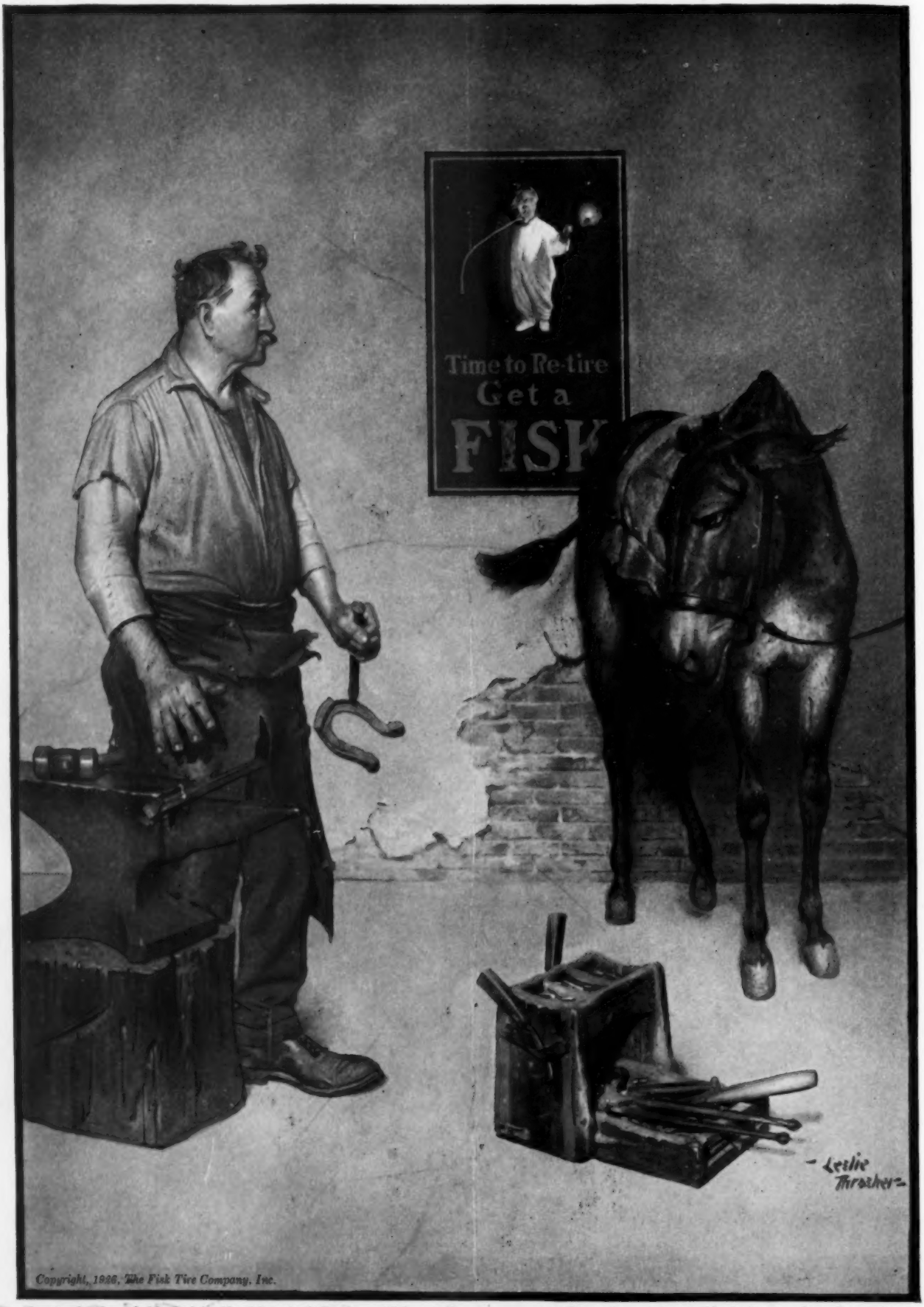
Judge

FEBRUARY 20, 1926

PRICE 15 CENTS

TURNED DOWN
BY THE EDITOR

UPSIDE-DOWN NUMBER



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"LIFE LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"

JUDGE

It's All Over Now

All upset I am reeling,
The floor and the ceiling
Have changed their positions of late,
While the world somewhat dizzily
Spins I've been busily
Searching and seeking a mate

First I learned to adore a
Sweet girl named Leora,
I was happy and gay for a while;
But she soon threw me over
And I next was in clover
When basking in Dorothy's smile.

Upside down she soon turned me
When lightly she spurned me
One evening last summer in Spain,
And my heart next turned turtle
When fair blue-eyed Myrtle
Gave me up—for a fellow from Maine.

Topsy-turvy completely,
I met Grace who sweetly
Proffered her hand—but what's more,
She just did it to grieve me
It seemed, just to leave me
As much upside down as before.

I'd just got on my feet when
That saucy, petite Gwen-
Dolyn promptly threw me right down:
It was awfully upsetting,
But I gave up regretting
When I fell for a vision in brown.

She was lovely and grand when
I begged for her hand, then
She placidly gave me the glove;
And I'll never be mated
Though, it seems, I'm just fated
To be heels over head—in love.

Phil Rosa

"Is that theah yo' wife, big boy?"
"Not at all, Mr. Bones; merely a lady you see me on the street with."

Enterprising theatrical manager produces "Hamlet" upside down.

Monday has become the American day of rest.

What This Country Needs

MARCONI discovered the wireless,
The phone was invented by Bell,
Edison thought up the talking machine,
And Dante first wrote about hell.
Steamboats were floated by Fulton.
Milt Gross invented "dot dope";
But nobody ever could figure,
The shape for a cake of soap.

Stanley Rauh

FUNNYBONES

The pedestrian usually knows what the motorist is driving at.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

Calvin's Favorite

SONG—"Silent Night."
Food—Clam cocktail.
Color—Anything quiet.
Phrase—"Not one word!"
Sport—Indoor meditation.
Shoe—Gum.
Fictional Character—Silent Sam.
Art Subject—Still life.
Horror—Noise.
Plumbing System—Pipe down!

Wayne G. Haisley

FOR years a certain man and his wife quarreled every morning at the breakfast table. The arguments always started about who was entitled to the top of the milk.

They were almost on the verge of suing each other for divorce when a friend suggested that they try condensed milk.

They took his advice and have been getting along beautifully ever since. *R. C. O'Brien*

KRAZY KRACKS

"Give a sentence with the word Laughter"

"He got a divorce and laughter."

The Worst Feature

"My wife has run away with a man in my car!"

"Good heavens! Not your new car!"

"Jonesh, you're drunk!"

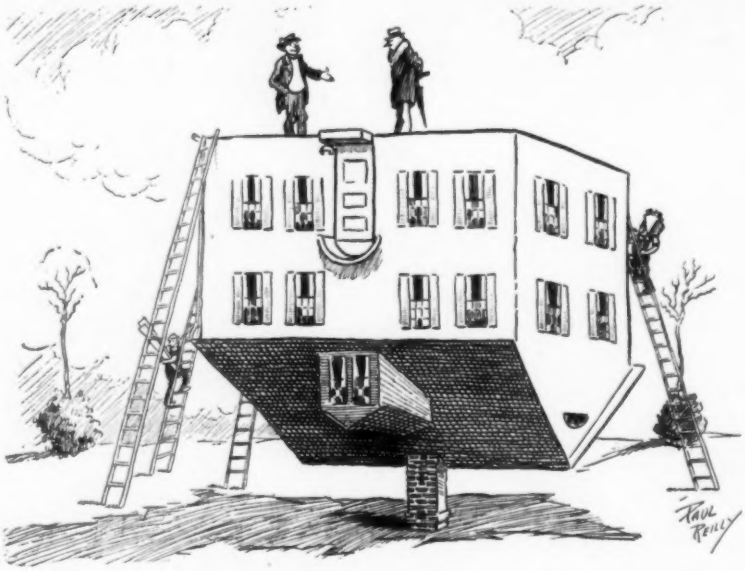
LIZZIE LABELS

"Nash can."

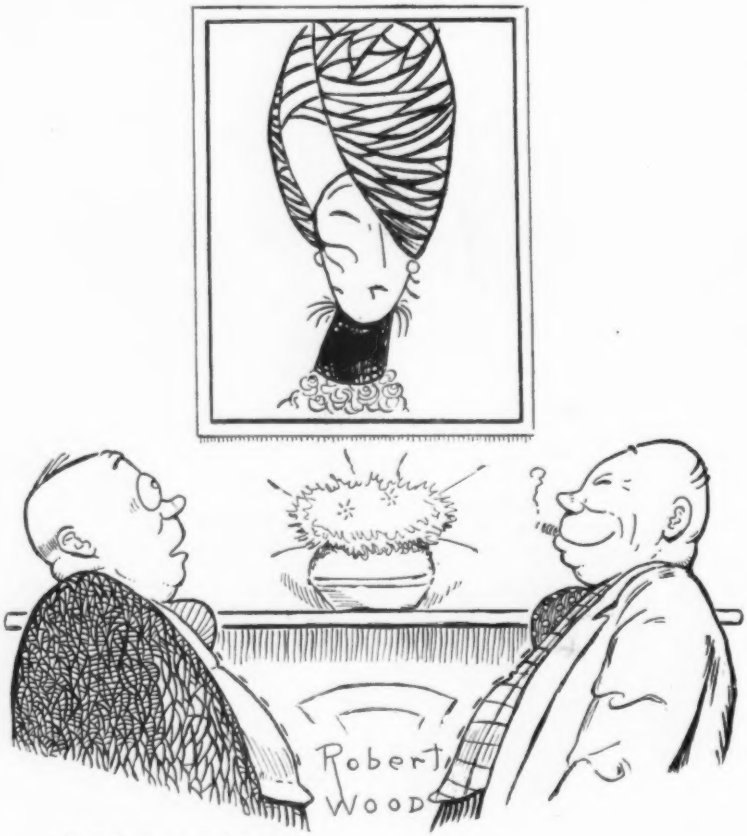
Famous Partnerships

EBB & FLOW.
Go & Jumpinthelake.
Stop & Think.
Nip & Tuck.
Gowayback & Sitdown.
A. Fool & Hismoney.
Forever & Ever.
Time & Tide.
Such & Such.
Down & Out.
Black & Blue.
Allwool & Ayardwide.
Rough & Ready. *Nate Collier*

We'd rather let the grass grow under our feet than over our head.



CONTRACTOR (to owner)—*We have the first two stories finished—we'll start the foundation to-morrow.*



"Who's the stunning girl?"
"That's a picture of my wife hung upside down."

The Tenderfoot

"That guy's never been with a circus before," complained the concession man. "I asked him to make some lemonade, an' he says, 'Where's th' lemons?' "

LETTER LAUGHS

OG-I-NV-LC
V-EZ-can CY.
Her cell R's never MT.
¼ Pappa makes Z rye!

JUDGE pay $5 for each one printed

Like Father, Like—?

WHO is it thinks his father is the country's greatest man?
Who is it helps his mother out in ev'ry way he can?
Who is it, on the playing field, sticks till the game is done?
Who is the greatest pal on earth? You guessed it, friend,
My son!

Who is it keeps me waiting for my favored barber's chair?
Who is it steals my cigarettes? Who is it I hear swear?
Who is it will drink anything in liquid form but water?
Who is it wears my golfing togs? You said it, friend,
My daughter!

Geo. R. Davies

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR

Literary Mysteries

Never Explained in the Climax

WHY a Colt pistol should bark, instead of snickering or saying "Hee-haw!"

Whether or not a hot pursuit always burns up the road.

Why, when a man has more enemies than he can shake a stick at, he doesn't try doing it.

Whether a hero can always get out of a hole with a good line.

Whether hungry men always eat with gusto, and if so, how gusto happens to get all his dinner invitations.

How lazy a volley must get before it is fired.

Whether pieces of villainy always help thicken the plot.

Whether the public realizes what the author does under cover.

Whether every book with a title is noble.

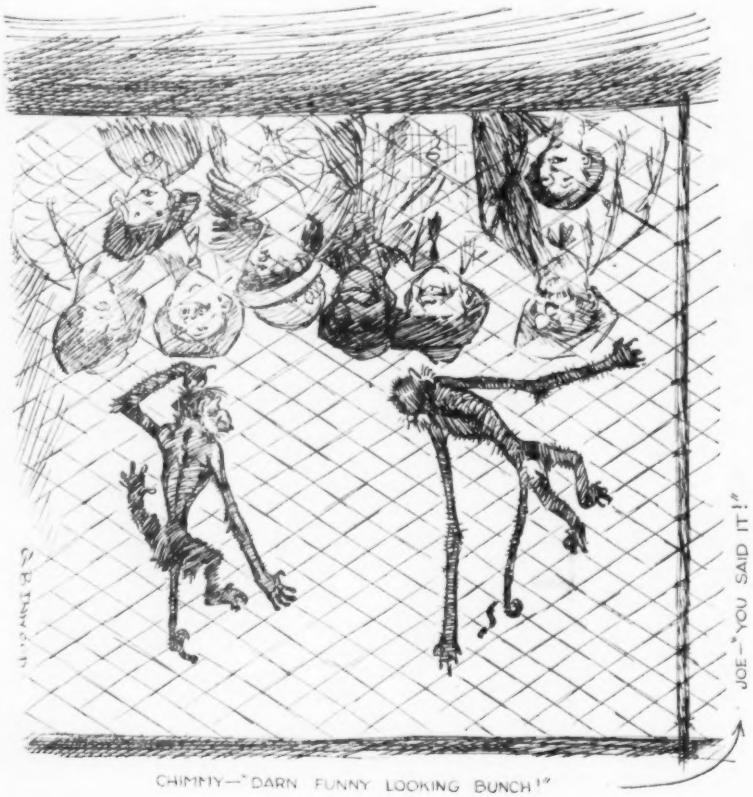
What the running broad-jump record is for leaping hearts.

Whether the man whose love is a raging furnace is ever shaken down.

What a preface can be used for.

Wayne G. Haisley

AFTER THE TORNADO—*Oh, John! Don't bring anyone home for dinner to-night. The house is terribly upset!*



CHIMNY—"DARN FUNNY LOOKING BUNCH!"

Guide to the Resorts

YES, Cuba is a pleasant land,
Its people strong and hardy.
(Some bars are going all night, and
They shake a swell Bacardi.)

And Nassau! Ah, a lovely shore!
It's small, of course, but tricky.
(First time since—oh, before the war—
I'd had a sloe gin rickey.)

Bermuda, too, is quite a place
For voyaging lads and lasses.
(Their Scotch is twenty bucks a case,
And you should taste their Bass's!)

And while we speak of nice resorts,
Try Palm Beach and Miami.
(Rum runners freely reach both ports
To rook your Uncle Sammy.)

We cruised some time and we explored
The beautiful Antilles.
(They had enough King James aboard
To give a guy the willies.)

But now I'm home to settle down
To good hard work. (Here's hopin'!
Say, friend, you're wise to this man's town—
Know any joints that's open?)

Tip Bliss

Hotel Rules

Don't eat oysters in bed before retiring.

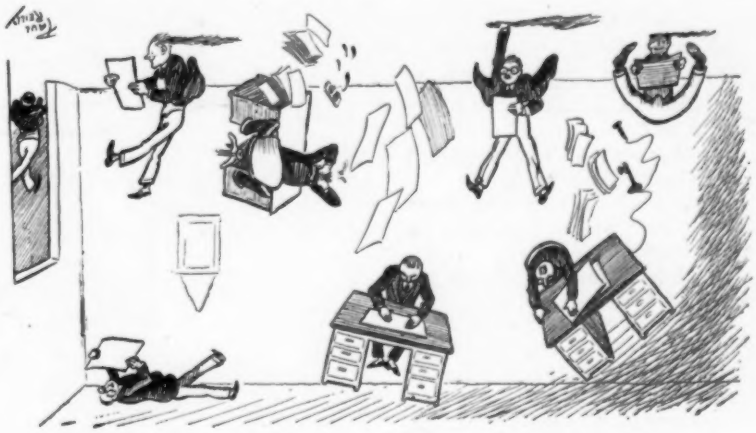
Don't climb up and down the fire escape in your pyjamas unless you are going somewhere.

If you are contemplating suicide, don't tear up the sheets. Phone the office and they will gladly send up a rope.

Don't throw things at the mirror. You're liable to break it—and then what?

Don't hide lighted cigarette butts in the featherbed.

Don't come down to breakfast before dressing. *Nate Collier*



Judge editorial staff making up number.

His borrowing has caused a loss
To him as well as me;
For I have lost the dough I loaned
And he his memory.

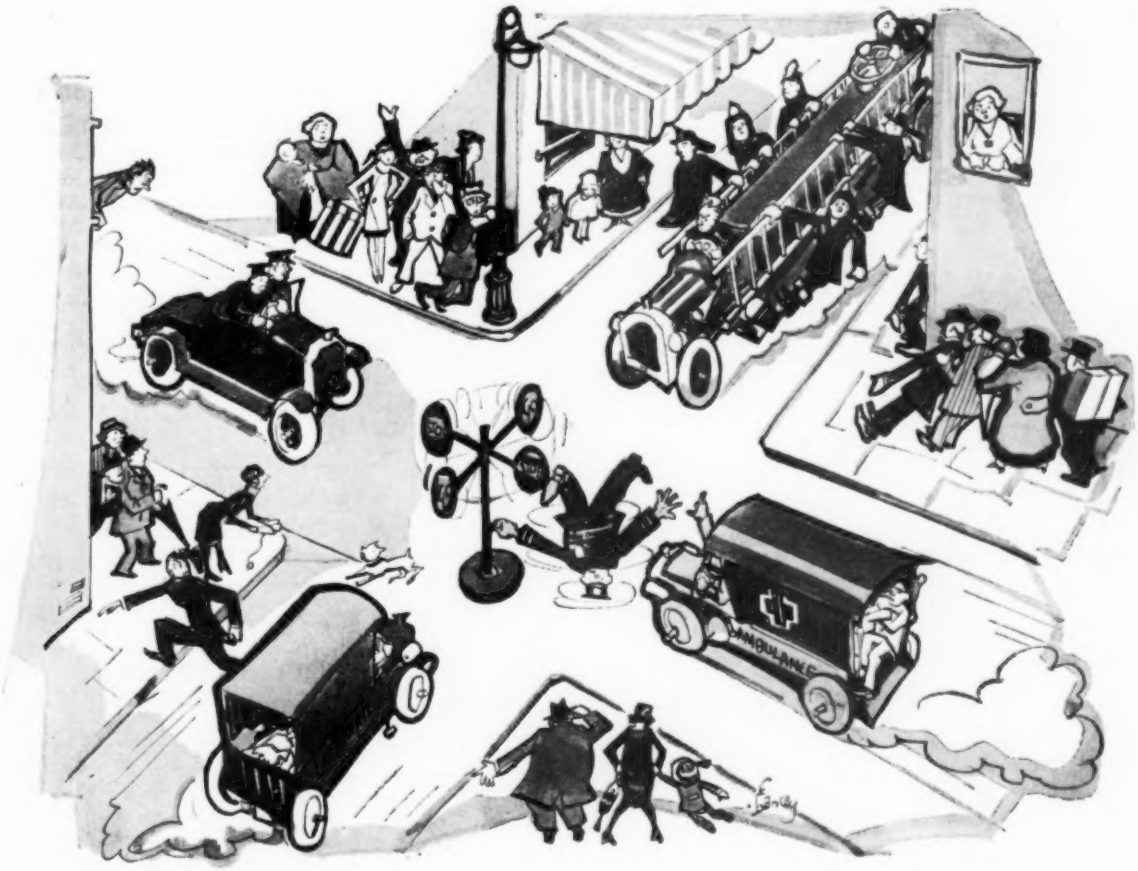
Gold-diggers' motto: Cry and get it.

Another simile—As nervous as a jellyfish on a Ford fender.

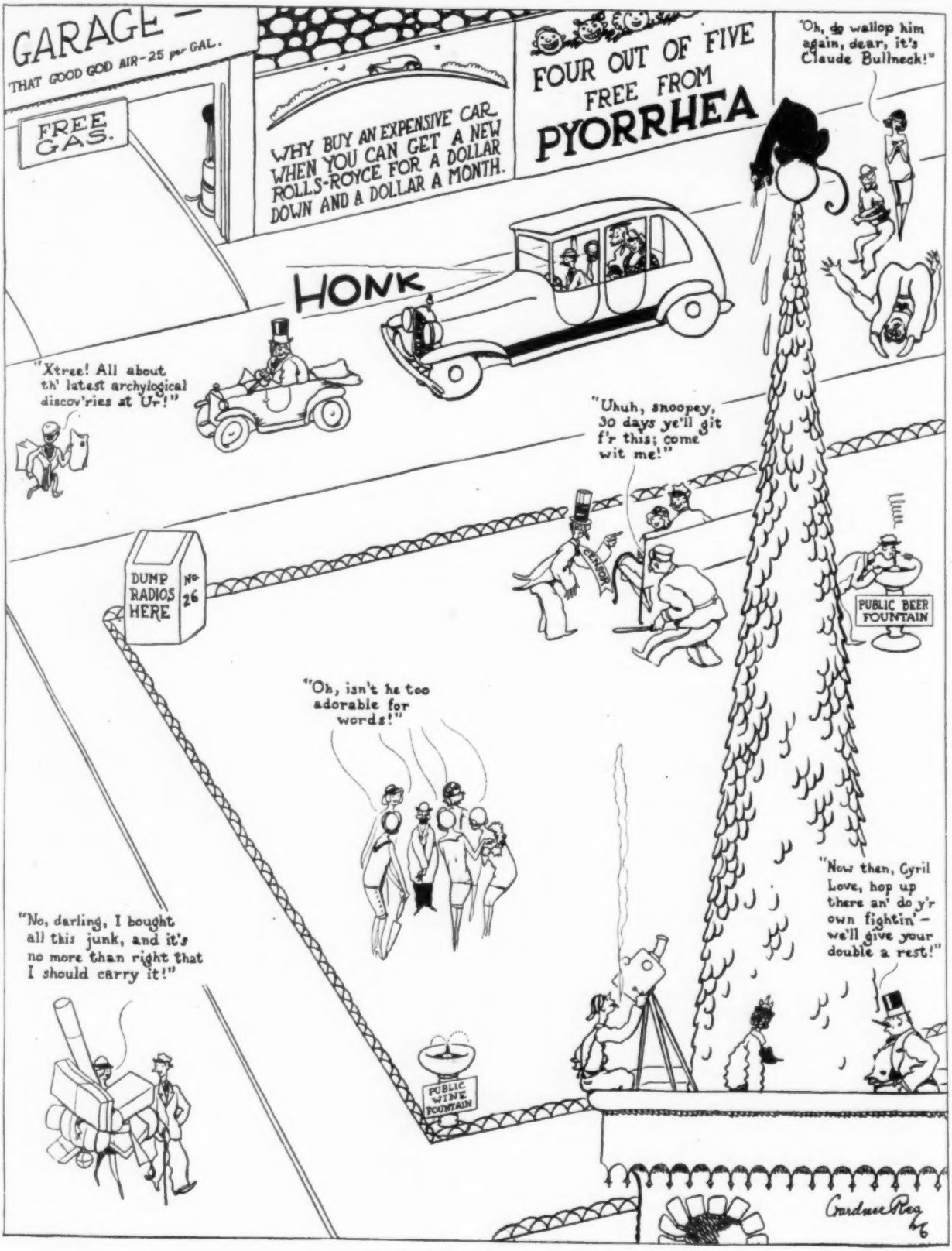
North—I can't live on $25,000 a year.

West—What!

"I only make $3,000!"



Traffic cop gone crazy trying to decide who gets the right of way: mail truck, police car, fire engine or ambulance.



A FEW UPSETS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

WIFE—*Do you like that, John?*
"Yes, she's a pretty dress; I mean it has nice skin—that is, oh, heck, wrap her up and I'll take it!"

Along Hell's Highway

PROVERBS tell us that the road to hell is paved with good intentions. Surely such a nice smooth and certainly popular highway has not been left untouched by advertising genius. There must be billboards. And they must read something like these:

"You are now entering Hell. Founded January 1, 0001, by his Satanic Majesty who fled heaven with his cohorts in search of freedom from persecution, besides he didn't like harp music. Hell was later settled and developed by some of the most famous people in history. At present the rendezvous of the American Younger Generation. Will remain so until United States Tires."

"Primrose Path Restaurant and Grille, first burn to the left. Specialists in Devil Damm sandwiches. Tables for Hades."

"Ask Mr. Meph about beautiful Hell's Garden Plots. Choice site available just a brimstone's throw from the fire. Warm, even climate."

"Time to Perspire."

"Be comfy in your cozy little Hell Hole. Buy a Mephistopholeezy Chair. Flamous Furniture Emporium, 1323 Purgatory Place."

"Go to Hell! The world's snappiest amusement park! A hot time for one and all!"

"Ye Midde Victoreanne Tea Roome and Giftte Shoppe. Moved to Heaven."

"Satan's Cloven Hoof-garden. Roasts a specialty! Jazziest dance music in underworld by Satan's Snappy Sexaphone Saxtette!"

"This is Hell's municipal sparking ground!"

"Keep Kool! Wear Hot, Stifler & Marks Asbestos Suits. 'Asbestos the best' is our motto. Asbestos Apparel Co., Burnie Burnbaum, Prop."

"Welcome Picnic parties. You are entering Hell!" *Carroll*

John Machree singing "Mother McCormack."

"Where do I go to apologize for shooting my husband?"

MODERN VERSION

"Daughter, dear daughter, come home with me now; the clock in the steeple strikes one——"

DAUBSON CREATES A STIR IN ART CIRCLES WITH HIS DOUBLE-TITLED PICTURE

How I Helped JUDGE From Making a Great Mistake

by Don Herold

I WAS talking to the Editor of JUDGE on the telephone.

I hung up the receiver and continued my conversation with him by saying:

"To what is this country of ours (the United States of America) coming, when good old motherly magazines like JUDGE, which have been published right side up for yars and yars have to come out upside down? It is a reflection of the decadence into which our civilization has fallen. Next thing, we will have to publish our magazines catycornered. Some of them are already cockeyed."

My telephone rang. It was the Editor of JUDGE. "Did you say something?" he asked.

"No," I replied, and hung up my receiver. "But I would like to remind you that just before the fall of the Roman Empire, the magazines began to appear upside down. I don't like it. Right side up is right side up, and wrong is wrong."

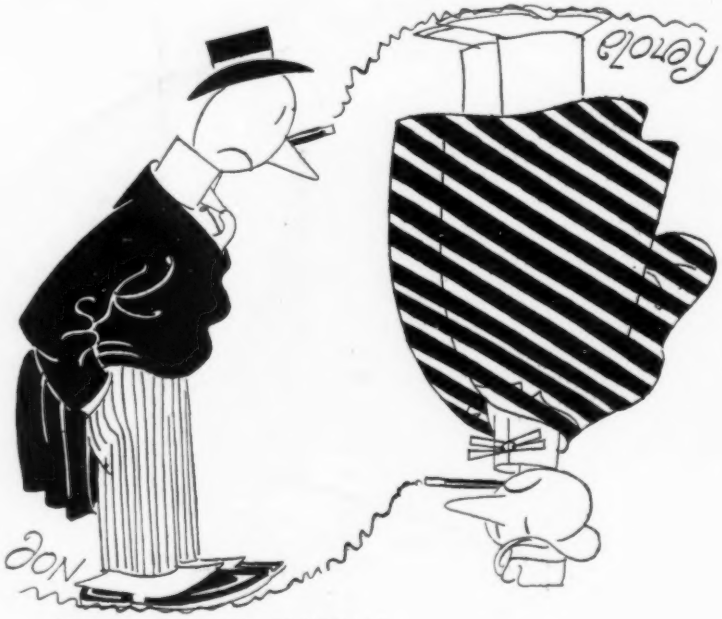
My telephone rang. It was the Editor of JUDGE again. "What was that you said?" he asked.

"Nothing," I replied.

"Well, don't forget to send us that upside down manuscript," he said.

"Let me get this all wrong," I said. "Am I to write it upside down or am I to write it upside down?"

"You sit normal and write it normal and we will turn it over, here in the office."



"Wonder why Mr. Herold did this?"
"Playing safe. Couldn't trust the printer to make the correct mistake, so he did this to be sure to get us at least 50 per cent. upside down."

"All right, send me a rejection slip."

"How's that?"

"I suppose you will do everything backwards in this issue—send out rejection slips for the stuff you print and mail out checks for the stuff you return."

"We'll take care of you generously, one way or the other."

He hung up.

"I do not like the idea," I continued emphatically. "All around us is perversion. We see a huge show window on Fifth avenue occupied by one pair of lady's shoes with silver buckles. That's perversion. All the wasted space! I never see a show window like that without thinking how many pairs of shoes Sears-Roebuck can get on a page of their catalog. Then we have expensive butlers taking inexpensive poodle dogs out for their airing. And we have ginger ale at a dollar a bottle and cover charges of $5 per person. And we have gin drunk like pump water, and dancing, and necking, and nudity, and late hours. And now JUDGE is coming out upside down."

Just then my telephone bell rang. It was the Editor of JUDGE. "Well, you have convinced us," he said. "We have heard nothing you have said, but we believe you are right and we have decided to give up the idea of getting out an upside down number."

"Well, I have given the matter a lot of thought and I honestly think it is the wrong thing to do," I answered modestly, pleased that my opinions had had so much weight with a great board of editors.

"We agree with you 100 per cent.," continued the Editor of JUDGE, "and

(*Continued on page 28*)

The Flip-Flop Family, having left their rubbers at the theater, find a way out of the difficulty.

BOTTOMS UP!

Editor, Norman Anthony. *Associate Editors*, William Morris Houghton, William Edgar Fisher, Phil Rosa. *Dramatic Editor*, George Jean Nathan.

THE Temperance Society of the Episcopal Church, after painstaking investigation, has discovered that Prohibition is a flop. "In our survey," says Dr. Empringham, its secretary, "we found intemperance increased." But as Wayne B. Wheeler says, "A man is unfortunate in his associations if he finds more intemperance than formerly." So that settles that!

G. W.

APROPOS of the Upside Down Number, to say nothing of the date, what about the topsy-turvy logic of a people that names George Washington the Father of his Country and then proceeds to make him an old woman.

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WE can't go the whole way with Rupert Hughes in his insistence that Washington be remembered as he was. It is quite natural and seemly that, as he has faded into history, he should have become enshrouded with myths and legends. Such has been the fate of all great heroes from Achilles to Paul Bunyan. It will continue to be their fate no matter how rational we seem to grow. For the habit of idealizing those we love or revere is incurably human, and here in this age of industrialism and grape juice we are quite as prone to endow our heroes with romantic and even divine powers and characteristics as were the Greeks of old or the Norsemen.

Which is just as it should be. To hades with facts! If we had to stick to facts in this life there would be neither love nor religion, and so far as our heroes are concerned we'd all be their valets.

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AT MOST, the facts about Washington should only be used as a springboard for the national imagination. The question at issue should not be primarily, what was he—did he have pockmarks and wooden teeth, did he drink and swear and play the ponies—but what do we want him to be, how shall we idealize him? So far, thanks to the head start obtained by Parson Weems and kindred romancers, he has been idealized as a bloodless prig. As children we are made to imbibe the cherry tree myth and are awed by the mental picture of a plaster saint conveyed thereby. Later we absorb stories of his punctuality, his neat accounts, his great dignity and his somewhat peevish disposition, the latter being justified as the natural reaction of a perfect man to the frailties of his fellows. From one source or another, most of them inspired by the original Weems fiction, we get an indelible impression of the Father of his Country as a cross between a knight and a schoolmarm, *sans* cheer and *sans* approach.

Now the time has come (it is really long past) to ask ourselves, do we want that kind of a Washington? Rupert Hughes is quite right that he wasn't that kind. No man could be and be the father of anything, let alone of his country. But that doesn't invalidate the portrait, if it's the kind we want to look at, for no matter how we picture him we shan't, and needn't, stick to the facts.

Do we want a Washington who is essentially feminine in appearance and characteristics, or shall we switch to something more richly and robustly masculine?

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IF THE latter, it may be necessary to shock again a lot of misnamed Sons of the Revolution. For your masculine ideal can never be tied to the apron strings of strict convention. There must be an overflow of vitality in the portrait and some evidence of the struggle with restraint that goes with such an overflow. He-men are expected to lie, in a good cause; to swear, and roundly, on adequate provocation; to drink, on occasion (the more the better if they don't show it); in other words, to kick up their heels. Such vices, if that is the word for them, form the normal concomitant of masculinity. There is an instinctive feeling—we won't attempt to justify it—that the man seriously lacking in them is by so much the less a man. Indeed, some of our heroes—those who have escaped the Weemses—are even celebrated for indulging one or more of such vices to excess—Ben Franklin, for instance; Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster.

❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

THE mention of these men prompts the question, Why in the course of our national legend-making didn't we denature them, too? Probably because they are second-string heroes and as such didn't attract the Weemses. But if we compare our impressions of them with our mental image of Washington it will bring home to us just how far we have gone in emasculating the latter. Originally, of course, he was just as much of a man as they; quite as shrewd a business man, though not so intellectual, as Franklin; somewhat better at rough campaigning and fighting than Andy Jackson, and, though no orator, quite as capable a statesman as Daniel Webster.

Can't we boost him back into their company? Let's forget the cherry tree yarn and invent something instead about his early ability to bluff at poker. Just because he was somewhat more of a gentleman than the general run of our heroes is no reason why he should be herded forever with the girls. *W. M. H.*

HIGH HAT

Very little news along the High Hat front this week . . . . guess everybody's in Europe or Florida, or incapacitated from the Beaux Arts Ball . . . . which reminds me of a story that came out of the ball . . . . . it seems a certain young man about town went to the ball Friday night, attired as Louis 14th himself . . . . . his party had a room on the fourth floor at the Astor and having looked considerably upon the wine when it was red, he sunk into a peaceful slumber about five o'clock in the morning and slept all day! . . . . He awoke with a start and looking at his watch saw it was six o'clock . . . . . remembering he had asked a very beautiful young lady to dance, he rushed out and down the elevator in his Louis 14th costume and plunged into a dining-room full of Saturday night diners! . . . . . no kidding, it's a true story! . . . . . and this isn't Macfadden's magazine!

"Dear Judge Jr.," writes H. L. M. of Rochester, N. Y., "Don't you ever get fed up on being a social butterfly and how in heaven's name do you earn a living? Do these night clubs and shows pay you to praise them?" . . . . . at last my terrible secret is out! . . . . . Yes, H. L. M. (business of sobbing), I receive princely salaries from six different theatrical managers and very expensive presents from night club owners . . . . . only last week M. Charlot presented me with a brand new Rolls Royce for my comment on his Rendezvous Restaurant! . . . . . P. S. and I get $5,000 for mentioning Rolls Royce!

And as far as earning a living goes, allow me to state that I go to work every morning at nine o'clock, or maybe nine thirty, like any other bird and I'll bet fifty kopeks I work twice as hard as Mr. H. L. M.! And that's that!

Scott Fitzgerald's "Great Gatsby" opened last week and is a great show . . . . . and James Rennie is a great actor . . . . . also saw "The Shanghai Gesture," which will be a great success . . . . it can't fail . . . . . all the scenes are laid in the biggest brothel in the world!

The Six Best "Steppers":

"Poor Little Rich Girl"—(*Charlot's Revue*).

"Dorothy"—(*Vanities*).

"Oh, How I've Waited for You"—(*By the Way*).

"That Certain Feeling"—(*Tip-Toes*).

"Sweet and Low Down"—(*Tip-Toes*).

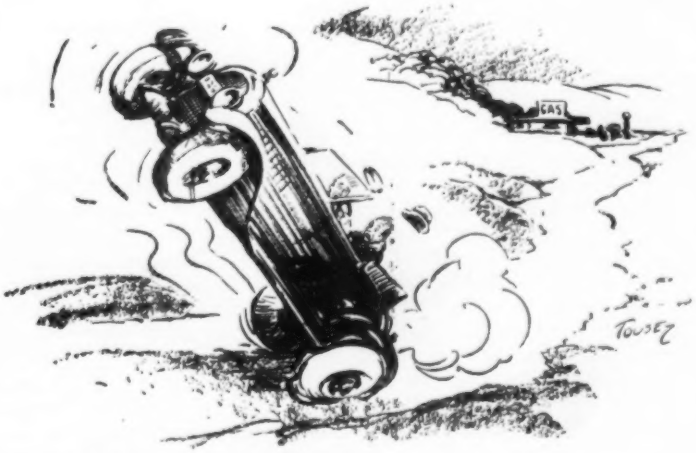
"Go South"—(*Greenwich Follies*)

Judge Jr.

I'm Afraid

I'VE SHOT the giant grizzly on the Rocky's barren slopes,
Been lifted over mountain sides on none too healthy ropes.
I've felt the frigid horror of an arctic Polar night,
When temperatures were far below the famous Fahrenheit.
I've heard the rattlers rattle and the hungry lions roar;
I've called to canny cannibals along a tropic shore;
I've floated down from parachutes from far up in the sky;
I've even eaten oysters in the middle of July.
But just one sound can terrify and make my heart beats stop:
That's the putter, putter, putter of the motorcycle cop!

I've heard the howl of yowling wolves and merely cracked a smile;
I've swum among the crocodiles that clutter up the Nile.
I climb inside volcanoes and indifferently display
A lurid orange necktie on the streets St. Patrick's Day.
I laugh at gunmen's pistols and I chaff at cutthroats' knives;
I freely play with porcupines; I bust up full beehives.
I tell my wife, "Say, Pearl, dear, that's a rotten boyish bob";
I laud the U. S. Army to a husky U. S. gob.
But terror grips my very soul to hear the "*Hey—You—Stop!*"
Plus the putter, putter, putter of the motorcycle cop! *A. L. L.*



"What's gone wrong with this car?"
"Gosh! That must have been bootleg gasoline we got at the last station!"

FUNNYBONES

Water, water everywhere, and not a drop is drunk.

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

"Every time I sit down I break my cigars."

"Why don't you carry them in your vest?"

"I do. The wife patched my pants with my vest."

Judge Wants to Know

Is it a violation of the Eighteenth Amendment

—for an optician to sell glasses?

—for anyone to drink in the morning air?

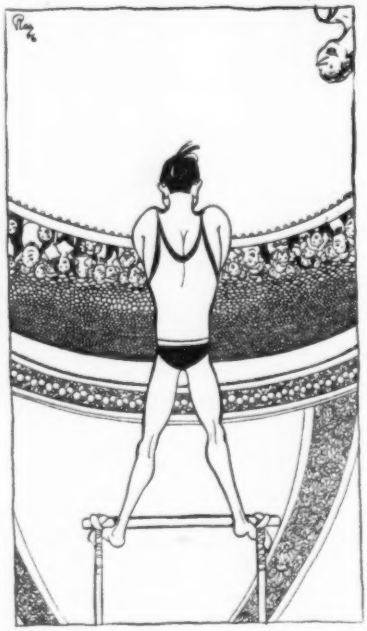
—for a dog to whine?

—for a girl to be cock-eyed?

—for a golf-bag to have a stick in it?

—for trouble to be brewing?

Geo. R. Davies



How the audience looks to a trapeze artist.

KRAZY KRACKS

"Give a sentence with the word Verbena"

"Ma gimme a nickel verbena good boy."

"I Knead Thee Every Hour"

The following letter was received from a long-suffering creditor:

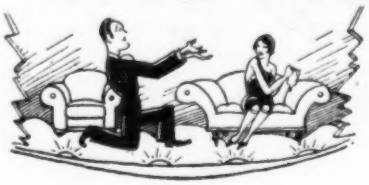
"It is reported that one of our fastidious newly married ladies kneads bread with her gloves on. The incident may be somewhat peculiar, but there are others. I need bread with my shoes on; I need bread with my shirt on, and unless some of my delinquent customers pay before long, I will need bread without a damn thing on, and this is no Garden of Eden in the winter time. So please have pity and pay me."

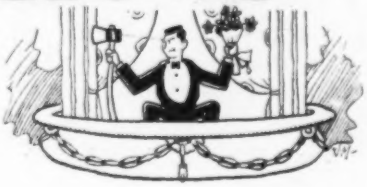
Check went forward by return mail.

Conscientious Cop—*Gee, these crooks are gettin' smart! Wouldn't you know he'd run down that one-way street!*

JUDGING the SHOWS II

• By George Jean Nathan •





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A WOMAN marries a man with whom she is not in love and tries to forget her unhappiness by playing around in the backyard with a couple of her father's horse pistols, occasionally taking a pot shot at passersby *pour le sport*. One day she hears that an ex-beau of hers is in town and gets ready to vamp him. But, after promising to keep a date with her, the beau goes out and gets cockeyed and, while in that condition, visits a fast lady in her flat. During the party in the flat, there is a boozy scrap in which the ex-beau gets beaten up and loses the manuscript of a book that he has been carrying around in his breast pocket. The husband of the woman finds it and, getting hold of it, the latter, sore because her ex-beau has been carrying on with another girl, throws it into a stove and destroys it. The ex-beau shows up later with a hangover and the woman, now thoroughly disgusted, gives him one of her pistols and tells him to go out into the alley and shoot himself, which he obediently proceeds to do. Then the woman takes the other pistol and shoots herself as well.

This swell Jules Eckert Goodman plot is currently being played by the Actors' Theater company at the Comedy Theater under the title of "Hedda Gabler," by Henrik Ibsen. "Hedda Gabler," as everyone who doesn't take everything for granted knows, is one-half superbly fine drama, one-quarter so-so drama, and one-quarter just plain, ordinary nonsense. The Actors' Theater has done a commendable job with the staging and direction, although Emily Stevens, who has the name rôle, occasionally seems intent upon giving a life-like imitation of the late Bert Savoy.

"*Hedda Gabler*" (Comedy)—Ibsen *vs.* Emily Stevens.

"*The Master Builder*" (Princess)—Ibsen *vs.* Eva Le Gallienne.

"*The Goat Song*" (Guild))—Heavily symbolic German play, adroitly produced.

"*The Love City*" (Little)—Pseudo-Oriental whim-wham.

"*A Weak Woman*" (Ritz)—To be reviewed later.

"*Magda*" (Elliott)—Bertha Kalich and Sudermann try vainly to revive each other.

"*The Green Hat*" (Broadhurst)—Arlen's cheap yellow-back.

"*The Butter and Egg Man*" (Longacre)—Amusing Broadway farce.

"*A Lady's Virtue*" (Bijou)—Sex play of 1890 vintage.

"*The Great God Brown*" (Greenwich)—O'Neill's richly imaginative and beautiful drama.

"*The Makropoulos Secret*" (Hopkins)—Czech rubbish.

"*The Jest*" (Plymouth)—Revival of the Sem Benelli romantic melodrama.

"*Money Business*" (National)—Lew Fields wasted on a trashy play.

"*Puppy Love*" (48th St.)—Just what it sounds like.

"*Easy Virtue*" (Empire)—One part Paula Tanqueray to two parts Noel Coward.

"*A Night in Paris*" (Century Roof)—Diverting revue.

"*Sunny*" (New Amsterdam)—Very good dancing show.

"*Cradle Snatchers*" (Music Box)—Humorous low stuff.

"*Young Woodley*" (Belmont)—Sensitive comedy of English schoolboys.

"*The Shanghai Gesture*" (Beck)—To be reviewed next week.

"*The Enemy*" (Times Square)—Rubber stamp anti-war play.

"*The Patsy*" (Booth)—Mild comedy.

"*Don Q., Jr.*" (49th St.)—William Tilden, the tennis player, turns actor again, and a bad one.

"*Tip-Toes*" (Liberty)—Lively score, poor libretto.

"*Is Zat So?*" (Central)—English out of the corner of the mouth.

"*Craig's Wife*" (Morosco)—Commendable American study of the married hussy.

"*The Dream Play*" (Provincetown)—Strindberg's pre-Expressionism drama.

"*The Cocoanuts*" (Lyric)—The Marxes in gala feather.

"*The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*" (Fulton)—Dressed up crooks.

"*Vanities*" (Carroll)—Profs. Tannen and Cook, worth the admission fee.

"*Charlot Revue*" (Selwyn)—Not so good.

"*The Monkey Talks*" (Harris)—Amusing hash of drama, circus and vaudeville.

"*Clouds*" (Daly's)—A poor one.

II

"THE LOVE CITY," known in Europe as "Yoshiwara," brings to the legitimate stage the movie mugger, Sessue Hayakawa, though it fails to make an actor of him. The Honorable Sessue's idea of acting appears to be what the movie actors do, which is about as far removed from acting as anything can be. Instead of acting the play, accordingly, the Honorable Sessue simply makes faces at it. Considering the quality of the play, the gentleman may, therefore, be praised as a critic if not as a Thespian.

"The Love City," which was written by a Chinaman named Hans Bachwitz, deals with a house of joy atop a hill in Pekin. In this house of joy there is a beautiful wench, half Caucasian, half Oriental, upon whom the boss, the sinister Chang Lo, has clapped a wicked eye. But young Cavendish, come to the Orient from England to drown his woes, also loves the beauteous maid—and the dirty work is on. After an hour's gabble about souls and sex, the while the auditorium is smelled up with punk smoke, the sinister Chang Lo shoots and kills the interloper and is shot and killed by him in turn. Whereupon the lovely cause of all the trouble doubtless takes the first steamer to New York and gets a good job selling cigarettes at one of the night clubs.

Catherine Dale Owen has the rôle of the fair Tze-Shi. Miss Owen has the looks for the part, but is otherwise so icy that she would put any house of joy in the receiver's hands the first night it opened.

III

WITH the presentation of Sudermann's venerable "Magda," Bertha Kalich again tries to persuade

(*Continued on page 30*)

LAUGHS FROM THE SHOWS—

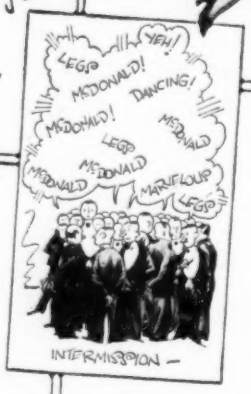
"VANITIES"

"PRETTY HARD ON US — THIS COAL STRIKE!"
"DON'T BOTHER ME NONE, WE USE STEAM."

"I WAS STANDING IN FRONT OF THE ASTOR ---
"OH - DO YOU LIVE THERE?"
"YES — IN FRONT OF THE ASTOR!"

"TIP-TOES"

GERTRUDE McDONALD — ANDREW TOMBES —



INTERMISSION —

"I JUST GOT A JOB AS TOASTMASTER"
"WHERE?"
"AT CHILD'S"
"KEITH'S"

JETTEROLL MACARTHY

"THE COCOANUTS"

GROUCHO — THIS LOT IS NAMED AFTER DE SOTA — YOU KNOW — DE SOTA WATER!

JUST BECAUSE A LADY ENTERS THE ROOM ONE MUST GET UP TO EAT ONE'S SOUP — AND

HARRY WATSON ———— SHOWS UP

HOW TO ———— DO IT!! "TIP TOES"

Which Side Up?

by Berton Braley

IN the story that unravels of my most extensive travels,"
Said the gentleman named Sinbad, with a smile,
"I will tell you of the nation that I found in habitation
In the middle of a certain little isle.
I'd been wrecked upon this island and I clambered to a highland
And I saw that, in a valley, far below,
There were meadows green from tillage and a comfy little village
And a lot of people moving to and fro.

"Though most excellent my eyes are, people seemed as small as flies are
As I viewed them from a distance and a height,
But I thought they were not hostile and I figured, 'As I'm lost, I'll
Try to reach that cosy village by to-night.'
So I trudged on without stopping and as shades of eve were dropping
I was standing, as a gaping yokel stands,
In that village square and gazing at the spectacle amazing
—For the villagers were walking on their hands!

"On my reputation truthful, everybody, old or youthful
And the very children, romping here and there
—My astonishment unheeding—were complacently proceeding
With their heads down and their feet up in the air.
When they saw me first—they scattered, then upon their hands they pattered
Round about me and, in English, strange to say,
They remarked, 'We're glad to meet you and with courtesy we greet you,
But—you're walking in a most peculiar way!

" 'Doesn't your position fret you? It must certainly upset you
When your head's up where your ankles ought to be!
Are your digits, then, prehensile? Do you handle each utensil
With your fingers—not your toes the same as we?
You're in error altogether, for your feet are cased in leather,
While we wear it, as is proper, on our hands;
So, to put it rather terse, a stranger walking vica versa
Is a spectacle that no one understands!

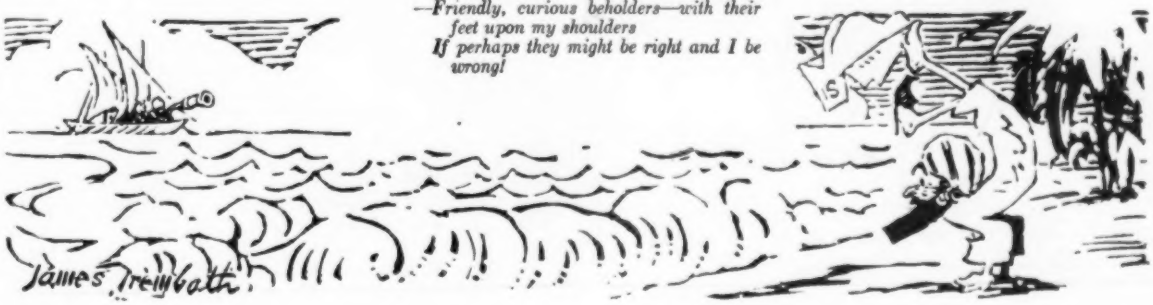
" 'We should think 'twould keep you busy just avoiding being dizzy
When your head is elevated to the sky!
And the world from your position must appear in a condition
That is wholly topsy-turvy to the eye!
Yes, you're unco-ordinated, we must have you educated
Till you learn to walk and stand and dine and sup,
With your hands down, normal fashion and forget this crazy passion
For proceeding on your feet—and wrong side up!'

"Well, believe me, I was puzzled. All my own remarks were muzzled
By their attitude of pity and amaze.
They would think me mighty nervy if I called them topsy-turvy
And I found myself enveloped in a daze.
They seemed sane enough and kindly, and I wondered rather blindly
As they clustered all about me in a throng,
—Friendly, curious beholders—with their feet upon my shoulders
If perhaps they might be right and I be wrong!

"Oh, my mind was in confusion. Was I victim of illusion
When I thought my manly posture was correct?
Should my feet be where my face is? Was I wrong to count by paces
When by handbreadths was the method to expect?
My dilemma you must pity as in hamlet and in city
In this realm of friendly folk and smiling lands,
Everybody in the nation seemed to feel commiseration
For a freak who wasn't walking on his hands!

"For a year then I abided with these people—and decided
(When I'd only been among them for a week)
That my manner of progression was abnormal, an obsession
Which reversed the laws of nature, so to speak.
Hence I learned their way of walking and I presently was stalking
Through the highways with my hands upon the ground,
And when later I ber'ft them of my presence and I left them
I could scarcely manage otherwise, I found.

"To the seacoast I went trailing and I saw a ship a-sailing
And I signaled with a hanky in my toes.
So they sent a boat to get me and the sailors, when they meet me
Thought me just a bit peculiar, I suppose.
But the fact is—stop that laughter!—that for quite a while thereafter
I regarded other mortals with a frown
For it looked to me quite plainly they were acting most insanely
As they stood both down-side up and up-side down!
And at times to-day I wonder if it isn't all a blunder
And perhaps we are proceeding upside down!



JUDGING the MOVIES II

by William Morris Houghton

"*The Big Parade*"—Just as fine as ever.

"*The Masked Bride*"—The fetching Mae Murray in an apache drama.

"*Clothes Make the Pirate*"—Leon Errol gets tight and loose at the same time.

"*His People*"—Rudolph Schildkraut well cast in a sentimental drama of the Ghetto.

"*Seven Sinners*"—Good 95 per cent. of the way, and then a flop!

"*We Moderns*"—Colleen Moore learns not to disobey her ma.

"*A Woman of the World*"—The seductive Pola Negri visits Main street. Very good.

"*Time, the Comedian*"—Time symbolized as a clown. Thumbs down.

"*Siegfried*"—Heroic drama, but no heroics, of course.

"*Tumbleweeds*"—Bill Hart at his best. Ride 'em, cowboy!

"*Lady Windermere's Fan*"—Near Wilde.

"*A Kiss for Cinderella*"—Sentimentality at its charmingest.

"*Bluebeard's Seven Wives*"—Hilarious burlesque of the sheik business.

"*Womanhandled*"—The wide-open spaces well kidded.

"*Soul Mates*"—By our best little snob sister.

"*Mannequin*"—Fanny Hurst's $50,000 prize melodrama. Hardly worth it.

"*That Royle Girl*"—Carol Dempster in a crook melodrama.

"*The Splendid Road*"—Deep in slush.

"*Ben-Hur*"—The chariot race is worth the price of admission.

Just how cheap and false the movies are (with some exceptions) comes home to you most forcibly when they essay to "adapt" a classic to the fancied demands of their fans. I have in mind at the moment the "Sea Beast," adapted from the whaling classic, "Moby Dick," with John Barrymore in the rôle of Ahab. One would think that under the combined ægis of Herman Melville and the actor who has given us the most brilliant Hamlet of our time this would have been a picture to shout about. Quite the contrary. The Warner Brothers staff has so improved on Melville that what we see on the screen bears about the same relation to "Moby Dick" that "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck" does to "Two Years Before the Mast."

Let us grant for the sake of argument that a financially successful movie must feature a love story and one with a "happy ending." Pictures like "The Big Parade" and "A Woman of the World" show that this can be arranged without complete corruption. "The Big Parade" shoulders its love interest, for all the conventional hokum in it, as lightly as a feather because its authors have been true to their basic intention of showing the War. The "Sea Beast" might have accomplished the same thing had its authors been equally sincere in their effort to show whaling. Everyone who has read "Moby Dick" will agree that whaling is, or was, war of a peculiarly hazardous and picturesque and exciting kind, and that the adventures and vicissitudes of our New England whalers are quite as rich in epic material as the settlement of the West or the campaign in the Argonne. But for all the time and money spent on its whaling scenes, involving, according to the press agent, eighteen days at sea in a square rigger, the net result

(*Continued on page 29*)

If we must have statuary in public parks why not a kind that the habitues can understand?

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A Test of Strength
by Theodore Williams

SEVERAL times since the opening of the year there has been a noticeable lack of public participation in the dealings on the exchanges. On some days the transactions were almost wholly in the hands of professional traders, who had the market pretty much at their mercy. These operators were mainly of the bear persuasion, and they made determined efforts to bowl down values. Under such conditions it is significant that prices were not given a more serious downward twist than was at any time the case. When things looked critical believers in the constructive trend were able rather easily to stem and to reverse the decline.

The meaning of that could not be misconstrued. The market has not lost the inherent strength it displayed last year, and though it may for a period show an indecisive tendency, it should at length firm up, if business maintains its present rate of progress and the country basks in increased prosperity. Purchase of really sound issues on marked recessions is not yet an insecure proceeding. It looks as if something favorable out of the ordinary were needed to bring about a boom, but also something extraordinarily unfavorable would be required to cause a general collapse.

Two interesting reasons why the public holds aloof from the exchanges may be here cited. One of these is the vast amount of new issues of bonds and stocks that are being offered by bankers and brokers over the counter. Capital which might have been risked on the exchanges is diverted to purchasing these later arrivals. A second reason may be found in the increasing volume of first mortgage real estate bonds distributed by the reputable dealers in such securities. These are absorbing (to the benefit of investors) millions of dollars which might have been put in fluctuating issues. It is no wonder that with such rivalry the listed market sometimes gets dull and stagnant. So far as can be foreseen this double competition will not soon cease.

Answers to Inquiries

W., CONCORD, MD.: You have a handsome profit on your North American common and can prudently take this. The company, however, has a future and the stock seems good to hold. It might be better to diversify, to buy the shares of another company rather than more shares of North Amer. stock at present.

C., OTEEN, N. C.: The Nipissing Mines Co. owns valuable properties in Ontario, Canada, and has a fine record as a dividend payer. It is now paying 60 cents yearly on its $1 par stock. It is a good mining proposition, but Collateral Bankers bonds are a sounder and safer investment.

A., ST. LOUIS, MO.: The rise which has taken place in American Agricultural Chemical pfd. has been due to the improved earnings of the corporation and its excellent outlook. Dividends on this issue are considerably in arrears, but it is planned to clear up this obligation and to resume payment on the stock. The company's current revenue would cover the full pfd. dividend and leave something over for the common. The fertilizer industry, in which the American Agricultural is engaged, has had a marked revival.

G., RICHMOND, VA.: Western Union Telegraph stock is one of the soundest in the country. Its dividend is $8 yearly, but its price makes the net yield a little over 6 per cent. The company's business is vast and is steadily expanding. Its profits and resources are such as to warrant a larger return some day. Whether as some believe U. S. Steel will yet be placed on an $8 dividend basis cannot be foreseen. The directors' policy is conservative. The price of $136 per share placed by the corporation on its recent offering of stock to employees is regarded as a sign that the insiders expect the shares to sell considerably higher.

S., TRENTON, N. J.: The 7 per cent. cum. pfd. stock of the highly successful Curtis Publishing Co. of Philadelphia is an issue of much merit as is shown by the premium on the shares. This was 12 per cent. and it reduced the net yield to 6.25 per cent. But even at that you would do well to add some of these shares to your investment list.

J., BUFFALO, N. Y.: The recent issue of over $14,000,000 of external 7½ per cent. secured sinking fund gold bonds of the Province of Buenos Aires mature in 1947. They are a direct obligation of the Province, whose credit is good, and they are secured by certain taxes. They were offered at a price to yield about 7.6 per cent.

J., MACON, GA.: Of the twelve stocks in your list Amer. Safety Razor, Cont. Motors, Eaton Axle, Ind. Oil & Gas, Miami Copper and Moon Motor are dividend payers. The best returns on market price are made by Moon Motor, Amer. Safety Razor, Eaton Axle, Miami Copper and Cont. Motor. For outright purchase I should favor Moon Motors, Cont. Motors, Amer. Safety Razor and Eaton Axle. The other dividend payers are more speculative. None of your non dividend payers is attractive.

R., EAST LIVERPOOL, O.: I do not undertake advising on quick turns in the market. I try to take the long range view, and point out issues that should in time increase in value. Any of these might of course go up in a week or even a day, but that is not easy to foresee. Your safer plan would be to buy fair dividend payers which have chances of going higher. Among these are Amer.

What Are
GUARANTEED STOCKS?
This and other valuable information as to trading and investing will be found in free booklet-J.
PAUL KAYE, 149 Broadway, New York

La France, Cont. Motors, Miami Copper, Norwalk Tire & Rubber com., Martin Parry, and Paige Detroit Motors com.

H., Tonkawa, Okla.: While Marland Oil is strong and in good financial condition, the stock has had so material an advance as to discount its speculative chances. It is a fair issue to hold but Amer. Steel-Foundries is more stable. The Cities Service Co. is one of the biggest oil producing and public utility concerns in the country. Its stocks have a good rating, the preferred being first choice.

C., Norwalk, Conn.: It looks as if the dividend of 75 cents quarterly on the new Ingersoll-Rand shares had proved disappointing to the public. An annual dividend of $3 is very low for a stock selling in the 90s. A switch to first-class first mortgage real estate bonds paying from 6 to 8 per cent. seems advisable.

F., Manhasset, L. I.: The oil industry is showing some improvement, but a real boom in oil stocks is still in the future. You could switch from Royal Dutch to Texas Co. very prudently and add to your income. Sinclair Oil com. is still a long distance from your purchase price. You might exchange your holdings for Armour & Co. A stock paying $2 and costing only a few dollars more per share. It requires considerable optimism to see Mid. Cont. Petroleum com. selling again a high as $53. Moon Motor paying $3 and quoted at nearly the same figure seems much more desirable. If Cont. Oil should rise a few points more you could come out even. It might be wise to hold your shares for awhile, but you can get more revenue by switching to Armour & Co. A.

S., Montpelier, Ida.: Amer. Locomotive com., Delaware & Hudson R.R., Del., Lack. & Western R.R., Dodge Bros. pfd., Studebaker com., Union Pacific R.R. com. and Woolworth, are all paying dividends and have merit in varying degrees, and a prudent business man might well add any of these issues to his investment list whenever he can buy them on recessions.

K., Cincinnati, O.: In your list of five New York Stock Exchange issues, three, Pan. Amer. B, National Cash Register and Cuban Amer. Sugar are dividend payers, and are making good returns on present market prices. Sinclair Oil com. is non-dividend paying but has fair speculative chances. Penn. Coal & Coke Co. has only serious deficits to show for a year or two past, is no longer paying dividends and has not an encouraging outlook. Of your Curb stocks, Buckeye Pipe Line is in the Standard Oil group and makes a fair yield on current price; Amer. Rolling Mill com. has been an excellent dividend payer, and Eagle Picher, being a going concern and paying dividends, its stock has merit. United Oil is not a dividend payer and therefore its shares are not attractive.

P., New York City: Calumet & Hecla Co. did not earn its dividend in 1925. Hoe & Co.'s profits were disappointing and the failure of the directors to declare the regular quarterly dividend at the usual time caused a lowering of the rating of the stock. Neither of the above issues is a safe purchase at this time. Moon Motor Car Co. is prospering and seems just now likely to maintain its $3 dividend. Its stock looks like an excellent business man's purchase.

H., Superior, Wis.: Of course the discovery of new and large deposits of iron ore must have at least an indirect bearing on the future of the long-worked old deposits. Iron ore mined in the United States is not protected by a duty against iron ore mined in Canada. Great Northern Ore, paying an annual dividend of $1.75, is less attractive than Armour & Co. A paying $2 and selling at nearly the same price. Standard Oil of Ind. has been paying only $2.50 yearly but lately declared an extra of 25 cents. None of the Standard Oil companies is making a liberal return at present; for immediate income it would be better to buy Sinclair Consolidated Oil pfd. paying $8 and selling a little over 92.

D., Evart, Mich.: Bush Terminal debs., Famous Players pfd., and Sinclair Cons. 8 per cent. pfd., surely can, in view of their record of returns, be classed as reasonably safe buys for income. The present disbursements seem well assured.

W., Frankfort, N. Y.: Bethlehem Steel 7 per cent. pfd. is a meritorious investment. The company has completed its $80,000,000 construction scheme and this will reduce production cost for 1926. It redeemed $17,000,000 of bonds in 1925 and is in a strong financial position. Prospects for business are so good that it is estimated the company should earn about $5 on common in the first half of this year. The U. S. Rubber Co. has had great prosperity during the past year. It added 13,000 acres to its already vast rubber plantations in the Far East. The 8 per cent. pfd. dividend has been paid for many years. The preferred stock is a sound issue, although it should be remembered that the dividend is non-cumulative. Northern Pacific R.R. earnings in 1925 were lately estimated at about $7 per share, so that the dividend is being earned with a comfortable margin.

New York, February 13, 1926.

Free Booklets for Investors

A booklet prepared by the Strauss Corporation, Penobscot Bldg., Detroit, Mich., "How to Analyze a First Mortgage Bond," instructs investors how to judge correctly the values of mortgage securities. Persons needing guidance in the selection of first mortgage real estate bonds can secure a copy of the booklet by writing to the Strauss Corporation for J-226.

The financial advantage which accrues to an investor receiving 8 per cent., compared with the investors satisfied with 6 per cent. is set forth plainly in booklets issued by the Trust Company of Florida, Miami, Fla. The company is a distributor of 8 per cent. first mortgage real estate bonds based on properties in growing Florida cities. The booklets (203) will be sent by the company to any applicant.

A manual giving high and low prices, from 1906 to date, dividends, etc., of New York listed stocks, also high and low prices of New York cotton and Chicago grain, can be secured by applying to Dept. M-48, H. C. Schauble & Co., 63-65 Wall street, New York City.

"If you want to keep your first dollar buy first mortgage investments" is an opinion by rich men cited by the American Bond & Mortgage Co., 127 No. Dearborn street, Chicago, and 345 Madison avenue, New York City, to support the claim to public confidence of its first mortgage real estate bonds. These securities have stood the test of years for those requiring the safety of principal and certainty of interest. The company now offers for sale a 6½ per cent. issue, full particulars concerning which are contained in booklet J-221, sent by the company to any address.

The Filer-Cleveland Co., 2502 Bedford Bldg., Miami, Fla., dealing in bonds secured by income-paying business properties in Miami, independently appraised at about twice the amount of mortgage loan, will mail to any investor its booklet "8% and Safety." The booklet explains how the bonds bearing 8 per cent. are underwritten and safeguarded, and gives many other details.

"United Bonds," based on homes, apartments, and office buildings in the thriving and expanding City of Detroit, are offered by the United States Mortgage Bond Co., Ltd., 350 U. S. Mortgage Bond Bldg., Detroit, Mich. The company is the oldest strictly first mortgage bond house in the city, and has a capital of $1,000,000 and resources of $12,000,000. The bonds bear 6½ per cent. interest, or they can be bought fully guaranteed if desired. The company will send full information on request.

How investment in a Miller 7 per cent. first mortgage real estate bond will in 15 years increase one's capital to nearly $3,000 is one of several hints to the thrifty, presented in the booklet, "Creating Good Investments," given out by G. L. Miller & Co., 30 East Forty-second street, New York City. Write to the company for MI-26.

Adair first mortgage real estate bonds are guaranteed unconditionally to yield 6½ per cent. interest by the Adair Realty & Trust Co., Atlanta, Ga., with a capital and surplus of over $2,500,000. The bonds are secured by closed first mortgages on well located income earning properties and they are approved for insurance by one of America's strongest surety companies. The bonds are in denominations of $1,000, $500 and $100. The company has a record of many years dealing without loss to any investor. Full information regarding Adair guaranteed 6½ per cent. bonds will be supplied by Dept. G-1, Adair Realty & Trust Co., Atlanta, Ga.

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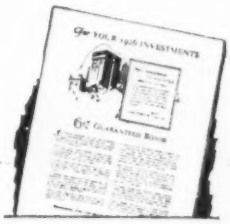

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To be unable to recall important circumstances, to be forced to the admission, "I forget," brands one as incapable and unreliable.

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Late of the Royal Polytechnic Institute, London, England

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Tonic Appetizer for 52 Years

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C. W. Abbott & Co., Balto., Md.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS

Cortez CIGARS

—MADE AT KEY WEST—

"Been doing any exercise lately, Freddie?"

"I should jutht thay I have! And I'm tho thtwong now that I can hardly dwaw on a thigawette without inhaling it." —YALE RECORD

Legal Tender-ness

If I should sing a song for you
  Of tenderness so fair.
Of love on an April hill top
  With posies in her hair;

If I should sing a song for you
  Of love and summer sighs,
A sad sweet song for singing,
  Beneath the star burned skies;

If I should sing a song for you
  Of a kiss on a springtime breeze,
Would you laugh, my love, or would you
  Want half the royalties?

—*Amherst Lord Jeff*

"I asked my girl how much I rated with her."

"What did she do?"

"Whispered sweet nothings in my ear." —*Cornell Widow*

Magician (to small boy he has called on to stage)—Now, my boy, you have never seen me before, have you?

Small Boy—No, daddy.

—*Boston Beanpot*

Zig—My girl thinks a flying tackle is an aviator.

Zag—That's nothing. Mine thinks a hunchback is a man who plays by intuition. —*Texas Ranger*

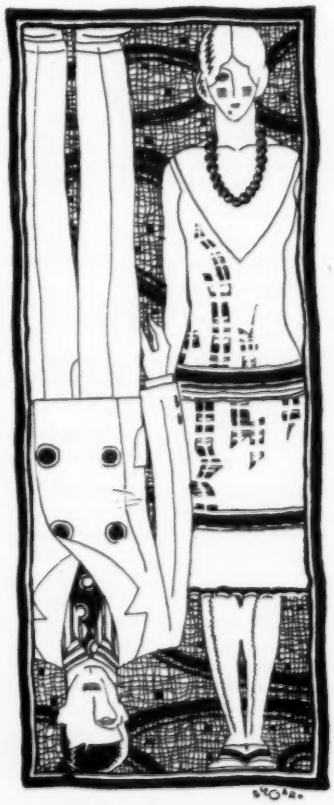
Impresario—You say you have had a diamond bracelet stolen. How much was it worth?

Actress—Oh, about a column and a half. —*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern*

Ben—May I have the last dance with you?

Her—You've just had it.

—*Iowa Frivol*



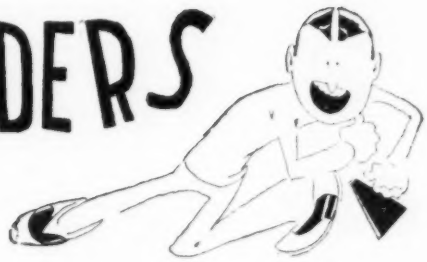
"John's gone and written a new novel."

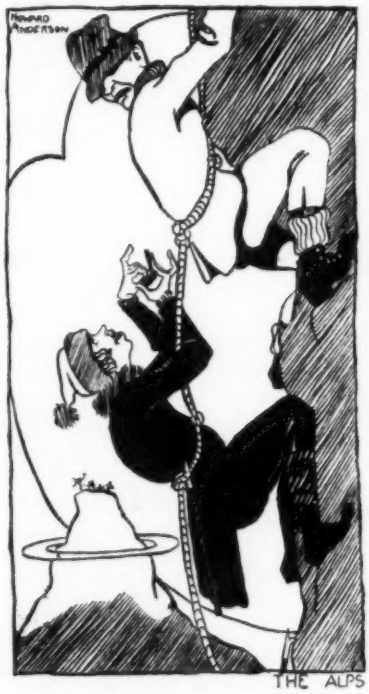
"Who's the hero?"

"The publisher."

—C. C. N. Y. MERCURY

LEADERS





"How's things?"
"Pretty good, but I'm worried about France." —WISCONSIN OCTOPUS

⁂

Bula—What are evolutionists?
Luba—People who ape Darwin.
—*Mass. Tech. Voo Doo*

⁂

"I had an egg for breakfast this morning."
"That so?"
"Yes, and it was a bird!"
—*Yale Record*

⁂

Vital Statistics: If all the people that eat at boarding houses were put at one long table, they would reach.
—*Carnegie Puppet*

⁂

"Look, papa, Abie's cold is cured and we still got left a box of cough drops."
"Oy, vot extravagance. Tell Herman to go out and get his feet vet." —*Kansas State Brown Bull*

There are two kinds of flat tires; both make you stop.
—*Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay*

⁂

"Don't be silly," said the carpenter as he started to repair the window sash. —*Minnesota Ski U Mah*

⁂

"Doesn't she wear becoming dresses?"
"Yeah, becoming shorter and shorter." —*Penn State Froth*

⁂

Give me a sentence with the word "andante."
"I love my uncle andante."
—*Middlebury Blue Baboon*

⁂

⁂

"What ancient city does my femme remind you of?"
"Babble-on, my lad, Babble-on."
—*West Point Pointer*

⁂

He (after long argument)—I wonder what would happen if you and I ever agreed on anything.
She—I'd be wrong.
—*W. Virginia Moonshine*

"This chicken looks like a guinea hen."
"Naturally, this is an Italian restaurant." —BROWN JUG

His Quick Eye

Saw the Soft White Beauty of Her Underarm

Soft, white and intriguingly beautiful it showed as she paused with raised arm before the all revealing mirror. Into his eyes there sprang a quick look of admiration, of tenderness. His words were weighted with happiness for her—impulsive, eager, complete with surrender to her beauty, made exquisite with Neet, the hair removing cream. Neet brings beauty and happiness. With this dainty cream you simply rinse the offending hair away. No other method of hair removal is so rapid and convenient, so thorough and satisfactory. You can get the ready-to-use liberal sized, 50 cent tube of Neet at 35,000 Drug, Department and Hosiery Stores.

HANNIBAL PHAR. CO., ST. LOUIS

Neet

The Hair Removing Cream

Applause Card

For the Funniest Contribution of 1926

Dear JUDGE:

I think the picture in this issue

Entitled .....

By .....

And the Text in this issue

Entitled .....

By .....

Should be entered in the Contest for the Funniest Contribution of 1926.

(Name) .....

(Address) .....

(Week of February 20)

At the end of the year, the artist and the writer whose contribution receives the largest number of votes, will each receive a $500 Prize. VOTE YOUR FAVORITE!

INSIST UPON
KEMP'S BALSAM
FOR THAT COUGH!

All 3 Prints for $2.25

"SOME KIDD"
By Raymond Thayer

As classy a little buccaneer as ever sat on a dead man's chest and sang "Ye ho! and a bottle of rum." A *new* Art Print, printed on extra heavy Art Mat, size 11 x 14 inches, in four colors, from the original plates.

Prints will be carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of —
$1.00 each

"CIRCUS DAYS"
By Enoch Bolles

A vivid illustration in full color of a most attractive Ringmaster. Another *new* Art Print, printed on extra heavy Art Mat, size 11 x 14 inches, in four colors, from the original plates.

Prints will be carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of —
$1.00 each

"TEE FOR TWO"
By Raymond Thayer

An attractive "twosome" that has no need of caddies. Also a *new* Art Print, printed on extra heavy Art Mat, size 11 x 14 inches, in four colors, from the original plates.

Prints will be carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of—
$1.00 each

Judge Art Print Department
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NOMINEES FOR OFFICES IN THE "UPSIDE-DOWN CLUB"

For Vice - President: H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, who is always willing to oblige.

For Secretary: Mr. John Harrison Dempsey, who only takes a flop when compelled to.

Hon. J. G. Dawes nominated unanimously for president of the club, if he promises not to light his pipe.

For Sergeant - at Arms: Mrs. Everywife, who always shouts, "The house is upside - down every time company arrives."

For Treasurer: Mr. Hank Ford, who has spent the winter testing the ice at his Wayside Inn, near Sudbury, Mass.

Efficiency in the Home

Every now and then some great big he-man who's been slaving all day from 10 A.M. to 3.30 P.M. in his office, returns home from the club at seven, all tuckered out, to find dinner exactly four minutes late. "The trouble with you women," he oracularly generalizes, "is that you have no efficiency consciousness. Why you can't run your homes the way a man runs his office I don't know."

Some day, somewhere, some woman is going to take one of these hundred percenters at his word and begin running her home as he does his office. If so, this is a scene we may live to see:

(*A comfortably furnished living-room, well-lighted, well-heated. Seated at table is Mrs. J. Nordic, reading the morning paper, smoking her morning cigarette. Memorandum pads, pencils, telephone, buzzer and other efficiency paraphernalia neatly arranged in front of her. Mrs. Nordic presses buzzer. A smart stenographer appears.*)

Mrs. Nordic—"Take a memo. 'To Cook: For to-night's dinner, at 7 P.M., we'll have the following, in the order named: Olives, celery, Broccoli soup, lamb chops, canned Pellet Brand peas, fried sweets, bread and butter pudding, small coffees. Served for two.' That'll

do for cook, Miss Blotz. Now get the Chain Groceries on the 'phone, please. 'Hello—yes, this is Mrs. Nordic. How's the celery to-day? No? Well, olives? Yes, one bottle Nevada Ripes. How about lamb chops? No? Well, a broiler? No? Send veal. Yes, veal will do. Three pounds and a loaf of Sweet Mamma bread. Yes, that'll be all, Mr. Schwertzel.' Take a note to the waitress: 'In serving the fish last night Mr. Nordic noticed that your thumb was resting lightly on the tartare sauce. Please discontinue same.' And, Miss Blotz, remind me later to speak to the furnace man about clinker wastage. And now, please, get me Mrs. Dilberry on the phone. Hello, Maud, this is Jennie. Sorry I couldn't call you earlier but I've had a terribly rushed morning. Everything's at sixes and sevens somehow. You know how it gets sometimes. How about meeting me at Quince's for lunch and then dropping into Gluck and Lousley's and see if that skirt of mine's ready and then we'll still have time to see Gloria Swanson in "Pink Pulsations." Certainly. We can both be home in time for a wave and a massage before the hungry wolves arrive. My! But I'm glad Joe persuaded me to use business methods in the home. I don't know what we would do under the old methods. There'd never be time for anything but doing the job right.'" *Percy Waxman*

***

Milligan—If I be afther lavin' security equal to what I take away, will yez trust me till nixt week?

Sands (the grocer)—Certainly.

"Well, thin, sell me two av thim hams an' kape wan av thim till I come agin." —*Tit-Bits*

***

A man said in Court recently that he had demanded an apology from his wife for not speaking to him for a month. Some men don't deserve to have good wives. —*Humorist*

Two of a Kind

"The absent-minded professor forgot to go to church yesterday when his daughter was to be married."

"What then? Did they send for him?"

"No, everything was all right. The groom didn't show up either."

—*American Legion Weekly*

Amiss

She (scornfully)—Last time I refused you, you said you'd shoot yourself!

He—Yes, but I missed.—*Grand*

A signal of trouble – tender and bleeding gums

As the soil nourishes the tree-roots the gums nourish the teeth. And as the tree decays if you bare the tree-roots, so do the teeth decay if the gums shrink down from the tooth-base.

This condition is common. It is known as Pyorrhea. *Four out of five* people who are over forty suffer from it. Ordinary tooth-pastes will not prevent it.

Forhan's Preparation *does* prevent it if used in time and used consistently. So Forhan's protects the tooth at the tooth-base which is unprotected by enamel.

On top of this Forhan's preserves gums in their pink, normal, vital condition. Use it daily and their firmed tissue structure will vigorously support the teeth. They will not loosen. Neither will the mouth prematurely flatten through receding gums. Further, your gums will neither tender-up nor bleed.

Gums and teeth alike will be sounder, and your teeth will be scientifically polished, too.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

In 35c and 60c tubes at all druggists in the United States.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

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CHECK HERE — Herewith is $2.00 (check, cash, money-order) for 21 weeks of JUDGE.

CHECK HERE — Herewith find $5.00 (check, cash, money-order) for one year's subscription to JUDGE.

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The Morley Phone for the DEAF is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Write for Free Booklet containing testimonials of users all over the country. It describes causes of deafness; tells how and why the MORLEY PHONE relieves. Over 100,000 sold.

The Morley Company, 10 South 18th St., Dept. 774, Philadelphia

The general public's idea of G. Washington.

The Highest Score

IN FRONT of a roaring open fireplace, in a quiet part of heaven, sat Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Verdi and Wagner. In a celestial corner blared a radio loudspeaker. Each of the musical masters was keeping score on a pad.

"This is Station WXX, United States of America," squeaked the horn. "Buddy De Vrie's Jazz Serenaders will now play 'She's a Trippin' Pippin'." In a harsh jangle, the melody blatantly poured forth.

"Score eight for me," remarked Mozart, putting a mark on his pad.

"That's swiped from one of my operas. I lead you all with a score of eight."

Then the horn screeched again. "Next number will be 'Don't Drag Dora.'"

"Score eight for me too!" triumphantly asseverated Verdi, "that's been 'adapted' from one of *my* best known operas."

Again the horn spoke: "You'll now hear 'She's a Bottle Baby—Oh, Boy.'"

"That's taken from one of mine," beamed Beethoven. "I've scored eight so far myself."

Two more jazz cocktails poured out of the raucous horn. One was "Red Hot Hattie," freely based on one of Schubert's most studious works and the other was "Two Time Tessie," obviously a Wagnerian melody. The five competitive maestros were tied! It was a tense moment behind the Pearly Gates. The next selection would decide the contest and the winner would receive a pearl-studded, self-starting harp. Anxiously they listened.

Then the announcement came: "The next selection through Station WXX will be 'Those Color Blind Blues.' The music started in jazzy rhythm, fast, pulsating.

"That first part's one of mine!" exclaimed Schubert.

"Those next notes were written by me!" yelled Verdi.

"This harmony is my creation!" shouted Wagner.

"I recognize my melody here!" ejaculated Beethoven.

"And this last part is mine!" roared Mozart.

The music stopped. The dance was over. "A tie!" laconically said Will Shakespeare who was official scorekeeper. "The harp will be raffled off for the benefit of The Aged Angels' Home."

Then the radio spoke again: "You have just heard 'Those Color Blind Blues' by—"

"Schubert, Verdi, Wagner, Beethoven and Mozart!" bitterly shouted the heavenly composers, throwing their halos to the floor in a charming display of post-earthly temperament. *Hugh Wood*

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

No Harm Done

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Gentlemen: In your issue of September 19 I note your vitriolic attack on the Methodist Church. I am not a member of the Methodist Church, but I am familiar with the doctrine and policy of the Methodist Church, and I have never found where it would be embarrassing to a member of this church to be an American first and then a Methodist.

Using your logic, the writer would be compelled to say that you are first an *anti-Prohibitionist*, and then an *American*.

You are also correct that the Catholic Church and Jewish Church flourished in this country and even abroad before Methodism was dreamed of. You fail, however, to state in your editorial whether or not you would rather have lived under their influences 500 years ago, as compared to that of to-day, which has been brought about by their activities (Protestants).

Such an editorial would be lamentable indeed were it not for the fact that a great majority of the readers of your magazine do not take your editorials seriously.

Parkersburg, W. Va. *H. C. Schilling*

Rabid

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Gentlemen: Put me down as rabid pro-JUDGE. With the possible exception of H. L. Mencken, I get more kick from W. M. H. than any other writer.

George Jean Nathan on the theater is a wow.

In fact I am tremendously fond of the entire JUDGE family—and so's my old man.

Sincerely,

Santa Monica, Cal. *Wm. M. Wiley*
November 12, 1925.

"Let's Save the Mule!

To the Editors of JUDGE:

Gentlemen: Come on, gang! Let's save the mule. Tell W. M. H. that we can't have war without "His honor, the pride of Missouri." Let 'em take away the flowing cup song, the modern flapper. But the antis can't take away my dear ole pal—the mule.

Salt Lake City, Utah. *Robert Lynch*
November 19, 1925.

Encouragement

To the Editors of JUDGE:

I have read and truly enjoyed JUDGE for a number of years. I think your campaign against Prohibition and bigotry is great stuff. Keep up the good work.

Just another tip. I really believe that your "High Hat" column is a great help to your popularity. Loud cheers for JUDGE and keep up the good work.

Sincerely yours,

Hewlett, L. I. *Howard Boulton, Jr.*

"To Stir Up Comment"

To the Editors of JUDGE:

I quit my sounder and key a moment ago long enough to read your "Mystery" number. Was perplexed at first at your stand on the Eighteenth Amendment, but suppose you are letting the public engage in heated discussions through your paragraphs merely to enlarge your sales.

I live on the Border and nightly I see the detrimental effects of liquor on the lower class of people. Just last night I helped a sixteen-year-old boy bring a drunken father and uncle from across the river. I *know* the disadvantages of liquor on some type of people. Now, can you tell me just what in the hell are the benefits?

I must commend you on your publication of the Pro side of the question; naw, I'll take that back, there is no question to it. You probably print the Pro side to stir up comment, however. I think this is the real root of your stand on Prohibition. Do you drink? It's dollars to cents that you don't. Do you think this will be printed? Ha—not much—not much.

"73"

Brownsville, Tex. *Hal Leighton Eustace*
January 7, 1926.

P.S.—Yes, I'm English and nineteen years old.

NERVE EXHAUSTION

How Nerve Abuse Wrecks Health

by PAUL von BOECKMANN

Lecturer, and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology and Nerve Culture

THERE is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true meaning of this statement. It is HELL; no other word can express it. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die; so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion is due to nerve strain. There is no other cause for it. In men, nerve exhaustion can generally be traced to excesses and vices, although the strain of intense concentration and the worries of business life are often the chief factors. In women, Nerve Exhaustion is due mainly to over active emotions. Especially in their marital, domestic and kindred relations do women subject their emotions to constant upheavals. Indeed, we are all under severe nerve strain because of the mile-a-minute life we are leading. And no man or woman is so strong as to be immune to this strain.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly, yet its symptoms are unmistakable. It does not manifest itself, as many think, in twitching muscles and trembling hands. The majority of sufferers from nerves seem strong and healthy, and may have not a tremor in their body, yet *inwardly* their nerves are in a turmoil and are undermining the entire bodily organism.

The symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows: First Stage: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling." Second Stage: Nervousness; restlessness; sleeplessness, irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headache; backache; neuritis, rheumatism, and other pains. Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear, undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies; and in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental turmoil, you may be sure that your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Perhaps you have chased from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter with you." Each doctor tells you that there is nothing the matter with you; that every organ is perfect. But you know there is somethng the matter. You feel it, and you act it. You are tired, dizzy, cannot sleep, cannot digest your food, and you have pains here and there. You are told you are "run down," and need a rest. Your doctor may prescribe a drug—a nerve stimulant or sedative. Leave nerve tonics alone. It is like making a tired horse run by towing him behind an automobile.

And don't be deceived into believing that some magic system of physical exercise can restore the nerves. It may develop your muscle but it does so at the expense of the nerves, as thousands of athletes have learned through bitter experience.

The cure of weak and deranged nerves must

PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Author of "Nerve Force" and various other books on Health, Psychology, Breathing, Hygiene and kindred subjects, many of which have been translated into foreign languages.

have for its basis an understanding of how the nerves are affected by various abuses and strains. It demands an understanding of certain simple laws in mental and physical hygiene, mental control, relaxation, and how to develop immunity to the many strains of everyday life. Through the application of this knowledge, the most advanced case of Nerve Exhaustion can be corrected.

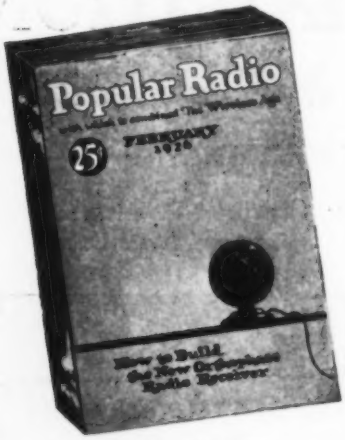
I have made a life study of the mental and physical characteristics of nervous people, having treated more cases of "Nerves" during the past 25 years than any other man in the world (over 100,000 cases).

The result of this vast experience is embodied in a 64-page book, entitled "Nerve Force," a book that is essentially intended to teach how to care for the nerves and how to apply simple methods for their restoration. It includes important information on the application of deep breathing as a remedial agent. The cost of the book is only 25 cents, coin or stamps. Address me—Paul von Boeckmann, Studio 149, 110 West 40th St., New York City.

This book will enable you to diagnose your troubles understandingly. The facts presented will prove a revelation to you and the advice will be of incalculable value whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull-nerved means to be dull-brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition, and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves.

"Nerve Force" is not an advertisement of any treatment I may have to offer. This is proved by the fact that large corporations have bought and are buying this book from me by the hundreds and thousands for circulation among their employees—Efficiency. Physicians recommend the book to their patients—Health. Ministers recommend it from the pulpit—Nerve Control, Happiness. Never before has so great a mass of valuable information been presented in so few words. It will enable you to understand your Nerves, your Mind, your Emotions, and your Body. Over a million copies have been sold during the past fifteen years.

The magazine with the
SILVER COVER



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LAURENCE M. COCKADAY
Technical Editor

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GLOVER'S will cleanse and stimulate the scalp, destroy dandruff and promote a healthy growth of hair. Send for "GLOVER'S HANDBOOK on Scalp and Hair." It will show you practical methods of saving your hair before you are entirely bald.

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C. J. Ozment, 81, St. Louis, Mo.

Obviously it is time the men had a change of hat styles; and we think Washington's Birthday would be a good excuse for reviving the three-cornered hat.

How I Helped JUDGE

(*Continued from page 11*)

have just called our printer and told him that Don Herold thinks this number of JUDGE ought to be right side up, and that we concur in the opinion."

"That's mighty fine of you."

"It's all right. You had the best hunch. There will be no upside down number of JUDGE. It's all straightened out now."

"That's fine," I said.

It did me good to know that I had helped prevent my old friend, JUDGE, from making a great mistake.

It just goes to show what you can accomplish if you hold out determinedly for something in which you conscientiously believe. If I had weakened for a minute, this number of JUDGE might have been the upside down number. This number of JUDGE, as it now stands, shows what clean, straight, courageous thinking on the part of one man can do.

Customer—What's the cause of falling hair?

Barber (tersely)—Gravity.

—*Answers*

A large number of women are taking up dentistry. A cynic remarks that their capacity for one-sided conversations should prove a valuable asset. —*Eve*

The General—Jolly good sermon. Fellow deserves a better congregation. Hardly a soul in the place, b'gad!

The Widow—Wasn't it dreadful? Every time he said "dearly beloved" I felt as if I'd received a proposal! —*London Mail*

The Gallant—I say—er—were you dancing this one?

The Wallflower (demurely)—Why, no!

"Then would you mind holding my cigarette while I dance— I can't find a place to put the beastly thing!" —*Humorist*

Judging the Movies

(*Continued from page 19*)

in the "Sea Beast" is a silly, melodramatic love story with marine trimmings. Its authors were evidently not so much interested in making the old whaling days live for us as in depicting long drawn-out kisses in a fresh setting.

This is not to say that John Barrymore, as Ahab, isn't worthy of his reputation, in spots. He is, especially in the second act, which is infinitely the better of the two and the only part of the picture having much resemblance to "Moby Dick." He shows in this act his extraordinary ability to alter that handsome face of his to suit any purpose, just as in "Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde." If it weren't for some of the idiotic things, wholly out of character, he has to do, thanks to the emphasis on the love theme, his performance in the second act would be memorable.

It wouldn't be wholly fair to dismiss the picture without a word or two of praise for the sweetness and allure of Dolores Costello as the heroine and for the direction and photography in the storm scenes. The only trouble with the latter is that they show what the picture might have been with half of 1 per cent. of its present slush.

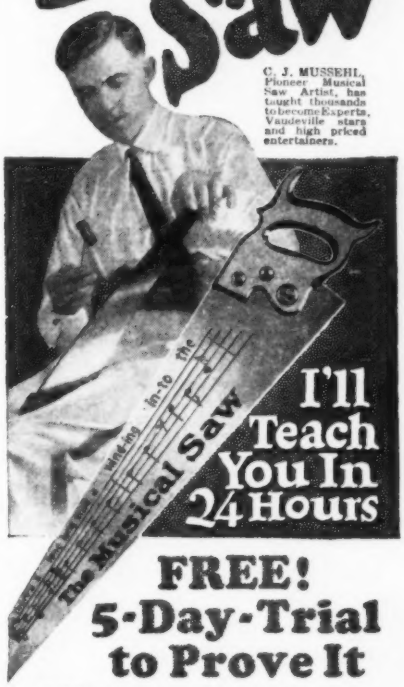
***

Charlie—Married yet, old man?

Edward—No; but I'm engaged, and that's as good as married.

"It's better, if you only knew it." —*Tit-Bits*

Play a Saw



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Charles Gugliori, booked to play solos in Broadway (New York) motion picture theatre.

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Robert S. Alter, broadcasting celebrity, has delighted audiences of six leading stations, including an appearance from WSN "Steamship LEVIATHAN".

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I have taught thousands to play the Musical Saw. Just three short simple lessons reveal every secret of my 12 years' success as a professional saw musician. Scores of others have won fame and fortune like the three pupils shown here. Let me prove that **you**, too, can quickly play like a professional.

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"You mean sugary," said Janet hotly. "And women aren't sugary now. Not my kind, anyway."

"It's mystery I'm advocating, the loveliest thing in the world. Fewer words . . . more silences . . . more sweetness. . . . "

"That," said Janet, slowly, "has the earmarks of a hot idea."

▲ ▲ ▲ ▲

¶ *So speaks the family friend to a young wife who is rapidly losing her husband. Has he the right idea? See "Kiss Me Good-bye," by Dorothy Dow, in the current issue of* SNAPPY STORIES. *On all Newsstands—20 cents.*

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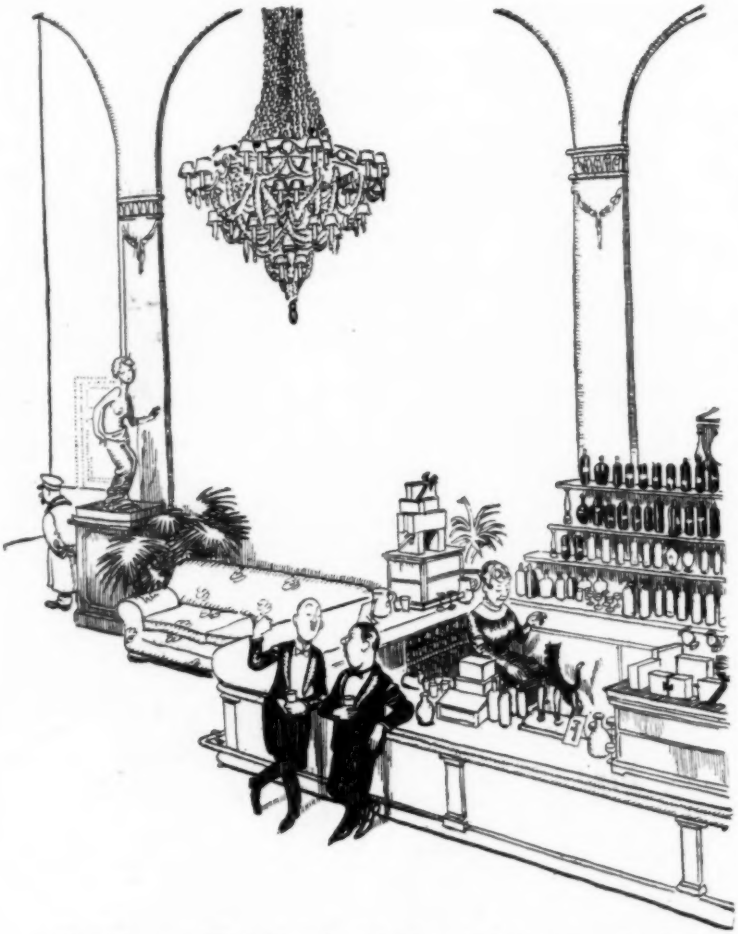


First Playgoer—Well, what about having a look to see how the show's getting on?

Second Playgoer—Why, dash it, old fellah, we've been in twice already! —*Humorist*

Judging the Shows

(*Continued from page 16*)

the New York public that she is a great emotional actress. That Madame Kalich is greatly emotional, there is no question; but that she is a great emotional actress, there are a couple of thousand. The acting that La Kalich gives us belongs to the day when great acting was held to be more a part of physiology than of mentality, and when the public's favorite actor, if not the critics, was that one who, under any given dramatic circumstances, could act least like a human being. There are moments when Madame Kalich is forthright and eloquent, but there are many more when she suggests nothing quite so much as a windmill illuminated by red fire.

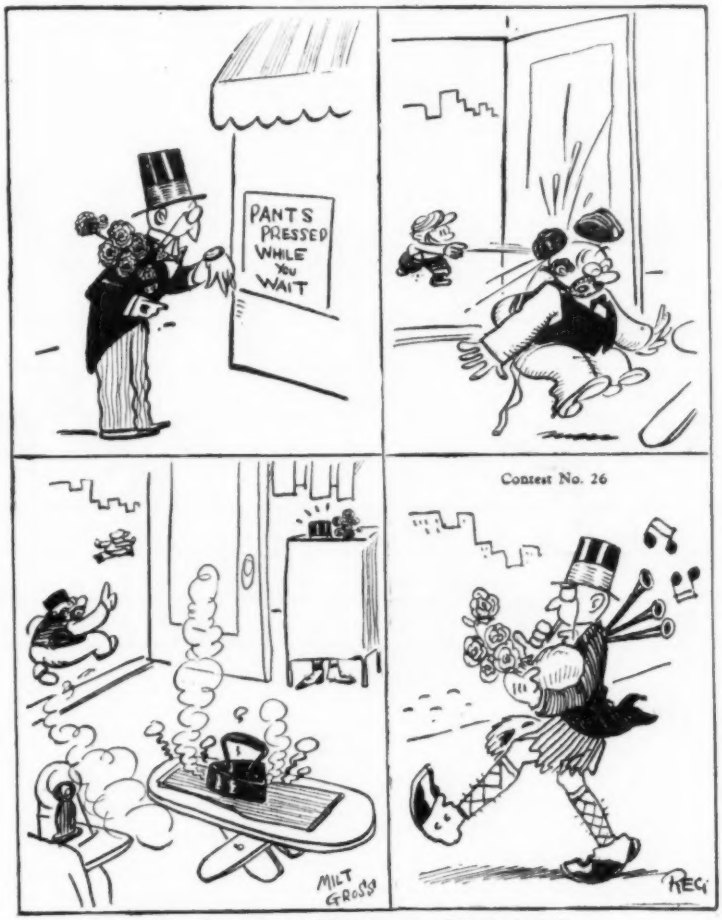
"Magda" is the kind of play that has always been close to the heart of the deep-breathing, fist-clenching, head-tossing school of actress. It provides such a performer with every desired opportunity save the scene in which she gives up the throne of Caronia and marries the handsome young revolutionist. Otherwise, all the grand old stuff is there for the picking. And La Kalich goes at it with the relish of an artillery major who for a long time has had nothing to play with but a bean-shooter.

IV

WHATEVER fault may be found with "A Weak Woman," no one can find anything to complain about in the matter of the translation, for if there is a more skillful French translator hereabouts than Dr. Ernest Boyd he must be hiding behind whiskers beside which those of Dr. Boyd himself would seem like a single ingrowing hair. Boyd, in truth, has done a first-rate job. The Jacques Deval comedy is witty and diverting and provides an agreeable theater evening.

Winner of Draw Your Own Conclusions

Contest No. 26



Irwin Regenstein, 14019 Baldwin avenue, East Cleveland, O.

Close Seconds

A. L. Freund, St. Louis, Mo.

L. B. McFadden, Hanover, N. H.

W. Ferguson, San Francisco, Cal.

William V. Archer, Baltimore, Md.

Lee Jackson, Bronx, N. Y.

C. A. Baker, Franklinville, N. Y.

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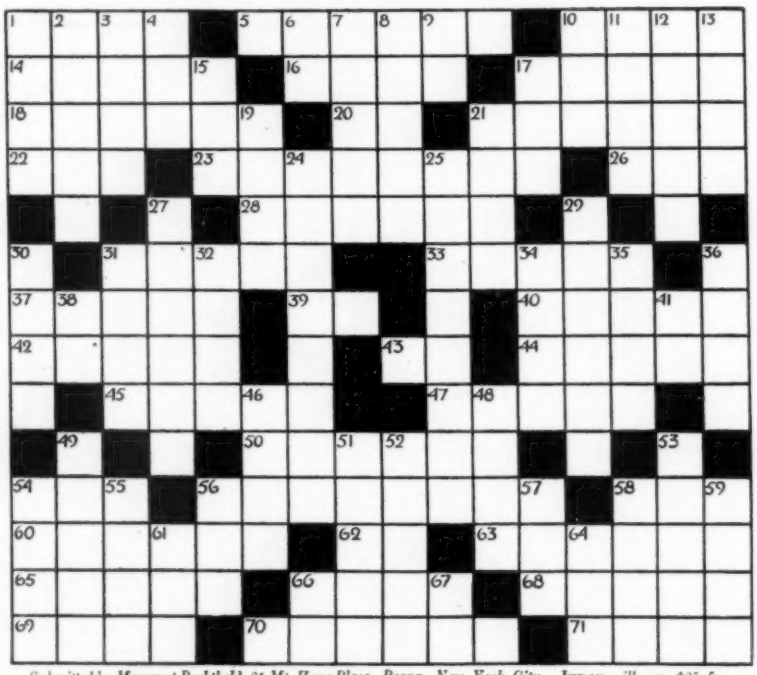
Judge's Crossword Puzzle No. 63



Submitted by Margaret Beckthold, 31 Mt. Hope Place, Bronx, New York City. JUDGE *will pay $25 for each puzzle printed.*

Horizontal

1. A hot dog's pal.
5. Sheet music.
10. The sofa in the parlor.
14. Most parsons believe in this.
16. What the bride soon forgets.
17. What to do in a dark cellar.
18. What *she* promised to be.
20. Half printers' measure.
21. A band. (Possessive.)
22. This dog never bites.
23. What children consider the most important part of a meal. (Plural.)
26. What you get when given the mitten.
28. Cooked.
31. A popular person on December 25.
33. Famous actress' first name.
37. Musical drama.
39. Say this twice when you go away.
40. A musical instrument.
42. Resembling a mushroom or fungus.
43. Preposition.
44. Girl's nickname.
45. Another girl's name.
47. What flappers like to do.
50. One who hangs draperies.
54. A cavity or receptacle.
56. A kind of berry.
58. In addition.
60. Certain dishes set on dining table.
62. A River up North. (Initials.)
63. When idle this causes trouble to the landlady.
65. To apportion
66. This means "no" in Berlin.
68. A relative.
69. Business isn't Russian for this fellow.
70. A court room for the daughter of the house.
71. What most men drink with.

Vertical

1. Morning and evening hours in the subway.
2. What should not be eaten in company.
3. A number of items.
4. How many wives did Solomon have?
6. English for 66 across.
7. All fat men.
8. What JUDGE subscribers do when the subscription expires.
9. Effeminate Yeggs. (Bobbed hair bandits.)
10. To do this long is very trying.
11. Hard to find in the subway.
12. A certain month.
13. *Her* little brother.
15. Man's name (abbr.)
17. Grains (abbr.).
19. What we want from reformers.
21. Pert Taxi Drivers Association.
24. These make model artists models.
25. What the absent-minded professor needs.
27. Old-fashioned excursion boats.
29. This way out.
30. This is never "hard."
31. To dispatch.
32. You can hit this on the head without being arrested.
34. This would make you dopey.
35. Fowl donations.
36. A gem.
38. Peruvian Underwear.
41. Agricultural abbreviation.
46. What Ida's beau is.
48. Reading, 'riting, 'rithmetic and radio.
49. You'll like these if you like parties.
51. A man's name.
52. This is dangerous.
53. You could spin many a yarn with these.
54. What married people have for breakfast.
55. Put this before a *boose* and it makes a bad place to spend the time.
56. What to do with a full house.
57. A crossword puzzle fan.
58. A Man's Club. (Initial.)
59. An overgrown plant.
61. A high hill in England.
64. This number of wives is one too many.
66. Initials of a humorous magazine editor.
67. Are you in favor of prohibition?

Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

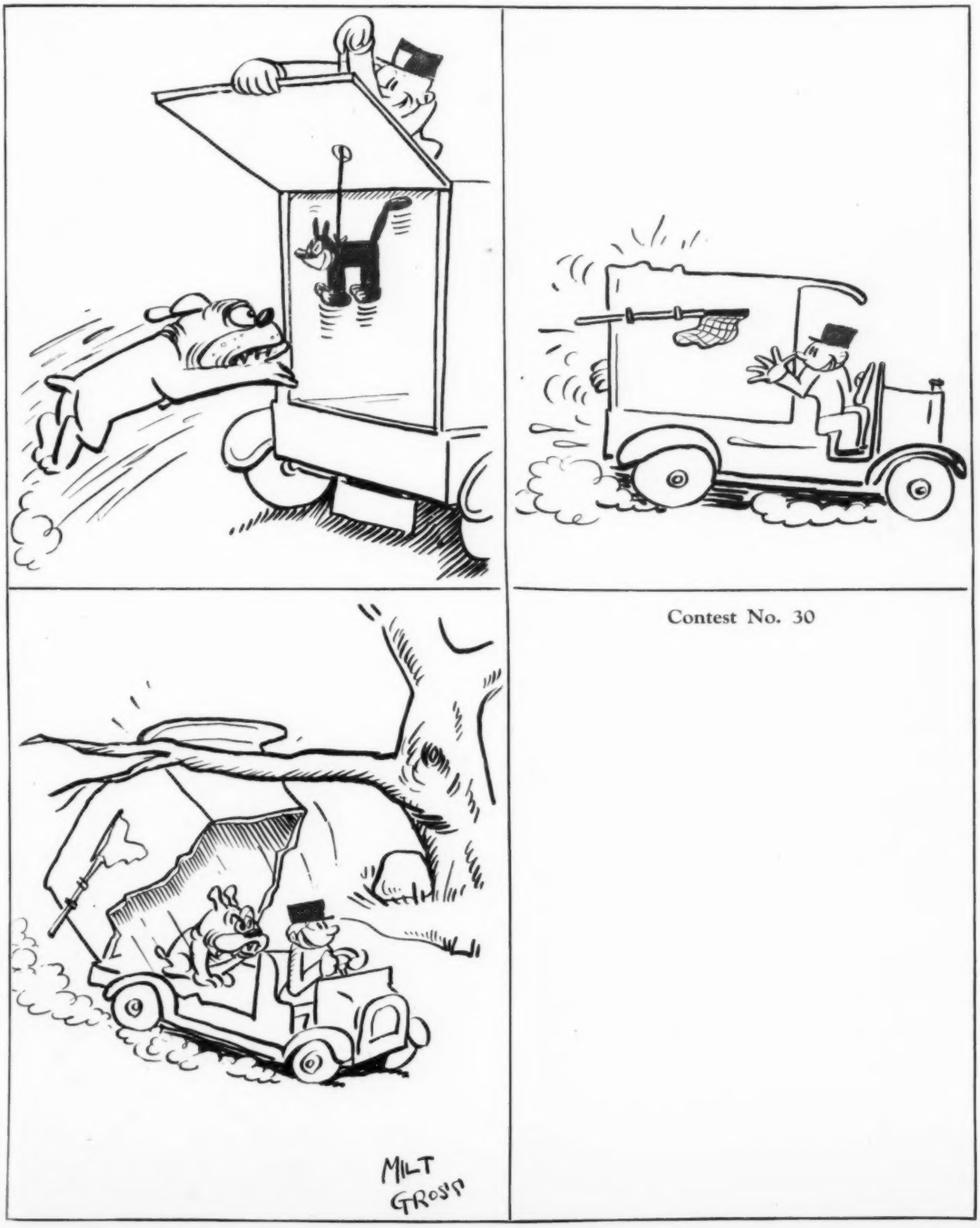
F	L	A	P	P	E	R		L	O	B	S	T	E	R
I		T	A	L	L		S		M	A	U	L		E
G	O		S	O	L	I	T	A	I	R	E		F	L
H	A	M		T	E	N	A	N	T	S		C	O	A
T	R	I	M		N	A	R	D	S		G	R	I	P
E	S	S	A	Y		N	E	E		F	O	O	L	S
R		T	R	A	D	E		S	E	L	L	S		E
	F	L	I	R	T				W	A	I	S	T	
C		E	N	N	U	I		S	E	G	A	R		H
A	N	T	E	S		C	R	Y		S	T	O	V	E
P	O	O	R		T	I	E	R	S		H	A	I	R
T	O	E		P	E	N	S	I	O	N		D	A	M
A	N		L	A	N	G	U	A	G	E	S		L	I
I		N	O	T	E		E		G	A	P	E		T
N	A	U	G	H	T	Y		T	Y	R	A	N	T	S

DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

JUDGE will pay $25 for the funniest ending to this Comic Strip

You do not have to be an artist. The winning ending will be selected for its originality of idea, humor, and cleverness in drawing. Professional artists are barred. Draw your ending, in ink, on white paper, the same size as Space No. 4; or if you prefer, make your sketch right on No. 4 space, cut it out (No. 4 only) and mail to the D. Y. O. C. Editor, of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes March 1. Winning ending appears in the issue of March 20.



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